

Punch

9d



Brockbank

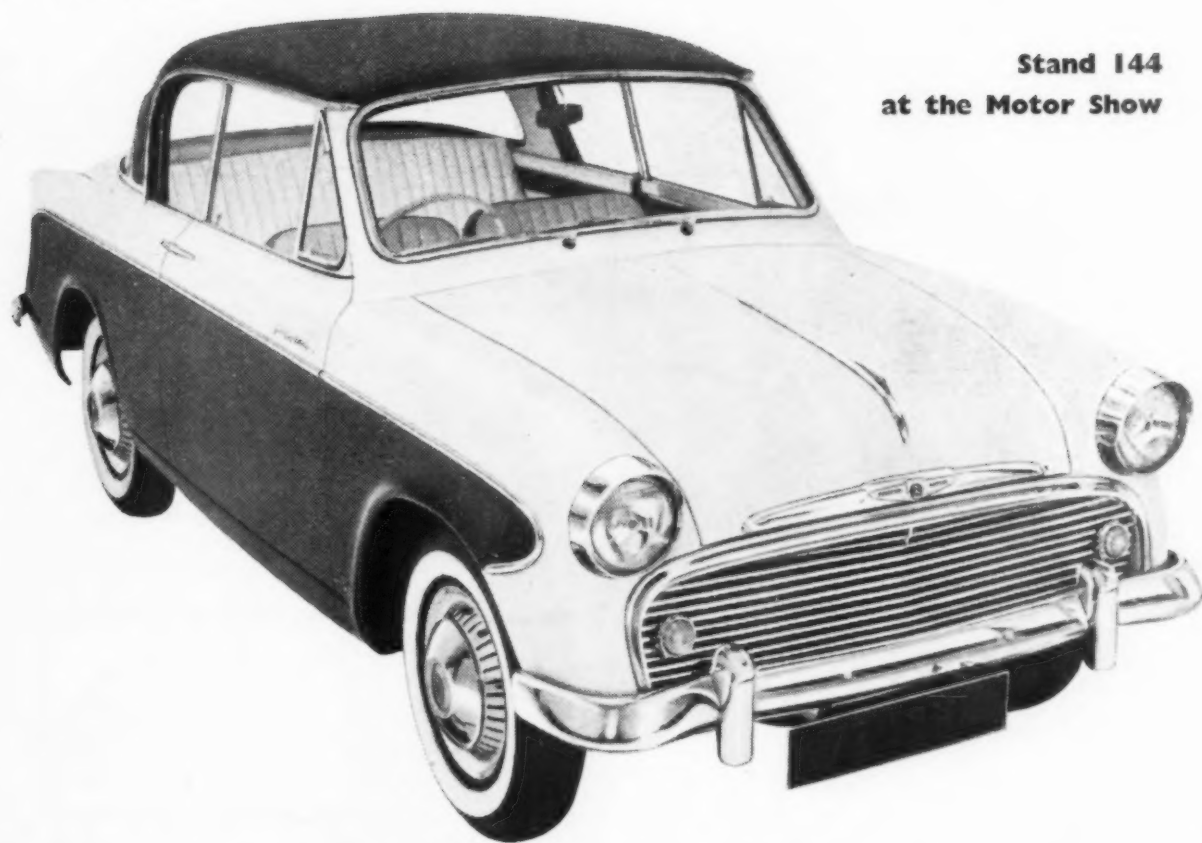
Braking points

Whenever a British motorist applies his brakes it's pretty certain that they are lined with Ferodo Anti-Fade Brake Linings. For not only do most motor manufacturers specify Ferodo for their new vehicles, but most garages prefer to fit

FERODO

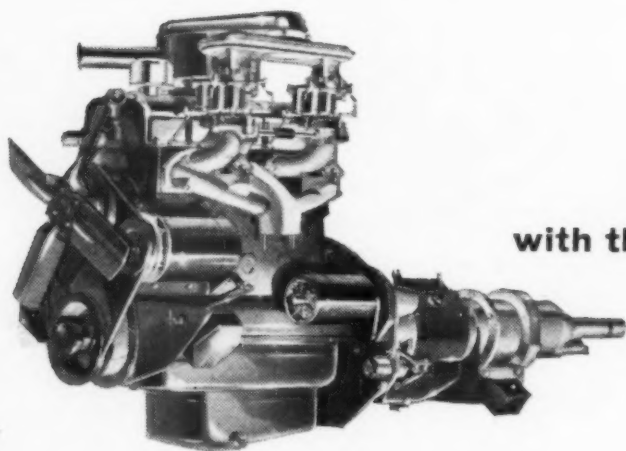
Anti-Fade BRAKE LININGS

SEE FERODO FIRST AT THE MOTOR SHOW STAND N° 298



**Stand 144
at the Motor Show**

NOW! EVEN MORE POWER, MORE ZIP



The Sunbeam Rapier has even more power and zip with the brilliant 1.4 litre R. Sixty-seven engine, incorporating all the unique skill and rally-winning experience of Sunbeam's famous Competition Department. This extra power in a car already outstanding—for performance, road-holding, all-round vision, safety, style and space—makes the Rapier a most exhilarating car to drive.

with the 'R' Sixty-seven engine

The R. Sixty-seven engine has been developed to give a higher power output and even more vivid acceleration through the gears. Developing 67 b.h.p., it is fitted with new inlet and exhaust manifolds incorporating twin Zenith downdraught carburetors and new heat-resistant exhaust valves for longer life. Overdrive, fitted as standard, operates on top and third gears. £695 (P.T. £348.17.0). White-wall tyres and overriders available as extras.

SUNBEAM RAPIER



A product of

ROOTES MOTORS LTD

Sunbeam-Talbot Ltd., Coventry. London Showrooms & Export Division: Rootes Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1



The economy of getting your Dress Wear at Austin Reeds

From our extremely wide range of sizes we can immediately fit you in dress wear that could be nobody else's but your own. For years ahead you will always be prepared for an evening 'date', however unexpected. Cloth is fine, all wool baratheia, mothproofed for life. And as all our dress cloth is of identical black you can wear the same trousers with dinner jacket or 'tails'—or replace one article without having to purchase a complete new outfit.

Double-breasted dinner jacket £16.10.9

Tail-coat £20.10.0 Trousers £7.10.0

White Marcella waistcoat 57.6

AUSTIN REED

Of Regent Street

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

1032

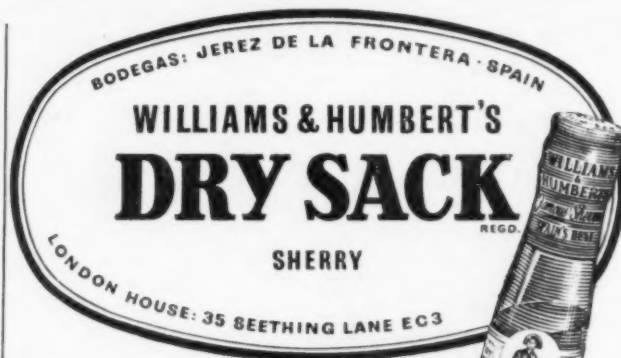
La Corona

*The cigar by which
other cigars are judged*



HAND MADE
IN HAVANA

Supreme the World over



For over 50 years DRY SACK—Spain's famous Medium Dry Sherry—has been a popular favourite throughout the world. Available also, of course, in half bottles.



Spain's Best



Wherever there gathers

... a *juggle of Statisticians



... a *deck of Cardsmen



... a *pillage of Doctors

... there's a fitting of

Church's

famous English shoes

Leathers, lasts and styles to fit the occasion, the mood and the man



... a stimulation of new styles

Here are three of the most sought-after shoes of the year. First is 'Buck', a beautifully finished brogue in ultra smooth buckskin, 129/9. Then 'Coach-hide', ruggedly handsome in cowhide, fat dressed and bark-tanned to preserve the natural colour, grain and texture, 119/6. On the right is 'Lo-ped Leader', with the slipper flexibility of a 'casual', plus robust welted shoe construction, 5 gns. All three styles have leather soles—for comfort, protection, hygiene and wear.

**A copy of our compendium of assembly nouns for fish, flesh, fowl and fellow-man is yours with our compliments, from our Agents or direct from us.*

From authorised Agents throughout the country. For nearest address write CHURCH & CO. LIMITED, DUKE STREET, NORTHAMPTON

No. 1 IN A SERIES OF TESTS SPECIALLY CONDUCTED BY COURTAULDS LIMITED



SUSPENDED BY A CORD

ONLY $\frac{1}{4}$ INCH THICK!

Mlle. Andrée Jan, the famous French artiste, photographed hanging by her teeth from a helicopter over Derby airfield on June 17th, 1956. The cord, made of exactly the same High-Tenacity Rayon that gives strength to your car's tyres, was only $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick, and provided an ample safety margin.

You're safer when you ride on RAYON!

IT'S...

HIGH-TENACITY RAYON...

super strong basis of your tyres

What are your tyres made of? Rubber of course—but not rubber alone. Under the rubber, in 95% of car, bus and lorry tyres in use today, lie several layers of *High-Tenacity Rayon cords*—a very special material expressly designed to give strength to tyres. In some ways, it's even stronger than steel—and in addition it has just the right amount of 'give' in it, so that it doesn't fail under repeated flexing, but yet preserves its shape.

It stands up to heat, too—the bugbear of tyre designers. A fast-running heavily-laden tyre can get as hot as boiling water. Under these conditions, some materials lose much of their strength—but not rayon.

Tyres are much more reliable now than they were before the war. You can thank High-Tenacity Rayon most of all for this, because High-Tenacity Rayon was largely a wartime development, tried and tested under far more arduous conditions than you will ever experience. Like the girl suspended from the helicopter, you can safely put your trust in High-Tenacity Rayon.



THE SAFETY IS INSIDE — IN NEW TUBELESS TYRES TOO

Since the introduction of High-Tenacity Rayon, there has been only one other development of comparable importance—the recently introduced tubeless tyres. Naturally, tubeless tyres also have the security and reliability of High-Tenacity Rayon built into them. It is the rayon cord reinforcement inside that gives them the strength necessary for safety.

RA-A

COURTAULDS HIGH-TENACITY RAYON — THE WORLD'S LEADING TYRE CORD

How is your SERENDIPITY



Countless people have decided that the convenience of a cheque book is sufficient reason for opening a banking account—and later discovered, to their pleasure and surprise, many other advantages as well.

It may be that you haven't fully realised how useful a banking account could be to someone in your position. Why not have a word with the manager of your local branch of Lloyds Bank?

Opening a personal account with Lloyds Bank is simplicity itself; see our booklet "Banking for Beginners", which you will find freely available at any branch of Lloyds Bank.



N.B. Serendipity: discovering by accident something to your advantage. Horace Walpole coined the word in his story about the Fortunate Princes.

Say
'Noilly Prat'
and your
French
will be
perfect



Perfect, because Noilly Prat is made by Frenchmen from French grapes with all the care and skill that is traditional to French wine makers . . . because Noilly Prat is allowed to age to full graciousness for at least 5 years . . . yet it costs no more than ordinary vermouths. Here's how to serve it to perfection.

Gin and French ½ Gin, ½ Noilly Prat.

Short Noilly Neat with a zest of lemon peel squeezed and dropped into the vermouth.

Long Noilly Pour two fingers of Noilly Prat into a tumbler, add ice, top with soda.

—and of course in any cocktail that calls for 'French'.

By insisting on Gin and Noilly Prat you ensure getting Gin and 'French'.

NOILLY PRAT
FRENCH VERMOUTH



Sole Importers: WM. CHAS. ANDERSON & CO. 8 LIME ST., E.C.3.

ROVER "90"
IN-HEALEY
Available on more than 30 British cars
JAGUAR X.K. 140. JAGUAR M.K. 7
Laycock
DE NORMANVILLE
Positive
Overdrive
Available on more than 30 British cars
TRIUMPH M.K. 111
SUNBEAM
HUMBER
RAPIER
BRISTOL "405"
SNIPER "236"
VANGUARD
JAGUAR
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A.C.

LAYCOCK ENGINEERING
LIMITED • SHEFFIELD

Enquiries to: Laycock Engineering Limited,
Overdrive & Transmission Sales Division, Westminster
Bank Chambers, 16-17 Hertford Street, Coventry.
Under exclusive license from Auto Transmissions Ltd.,
Coventry. Electrical controls by Joseph Lucas (Electrical) Ltd.



Masters of their craft ...

In one form or another, the ceramic material known as Chemical Stoneware is employed throughout industry today where resistance to corrosion and contamination is essential in the processing and storing of chemicals, pharmaceuticals, drugs, foodstuffs and many other materials.

Despite the very large size of some ceramic stoneware units made, the same craftsmanship goes into such work as into the making of the most delicate and beautiful tableware.

ROYAL DOULTON



Illuminated letter from a
XII century Latin Psalter

It's a question of delicacy....



A mature Scotch is a curiously complex drink. It has a personality, a character all its own. Yet it must still retain, however subtly, the personality of each individual whisky that has gone into its blending. Here is a balance that calls for a most delicate touch.

Forty-two different whiskies are blended in Ballantine's. And to-day, behind the skill of the men who select and blend them, stand the resources of a modern laboratory, called in to aid and safeguard—not to replace.

This care is amply repaid. All over the world men recognise the personality of their favourite whisky—Ballantine's—the superb Scotch.



Ballantine's

THE SUPERB SCOTCH

GEORGE BALLANTINE & SON LTD. DUMBARTON, SCOTLAND. EST. 1827.
DISTILLERS AT FORRES, ELGIN, BRECHIN, DUMBARTON.

"Punchbowl in the cool of a
desert evening"



"Barneys Punchbowl has been my tobacco now for nearly four years. If it hadn't been for Barneys Punchbowl and the incredible way it keeps fresh and cool to smoke, even under tropical conditions, I should have given up my pipe long ago.

After the heat and fatigue of the day's driving on our Sahara trip, I shall look forward to the relaxation of a pipeful of Barneys Punchbowl in the cool of the desert evening"

(This letter can be seen
at 11 Bedford Sq., W.C.1)

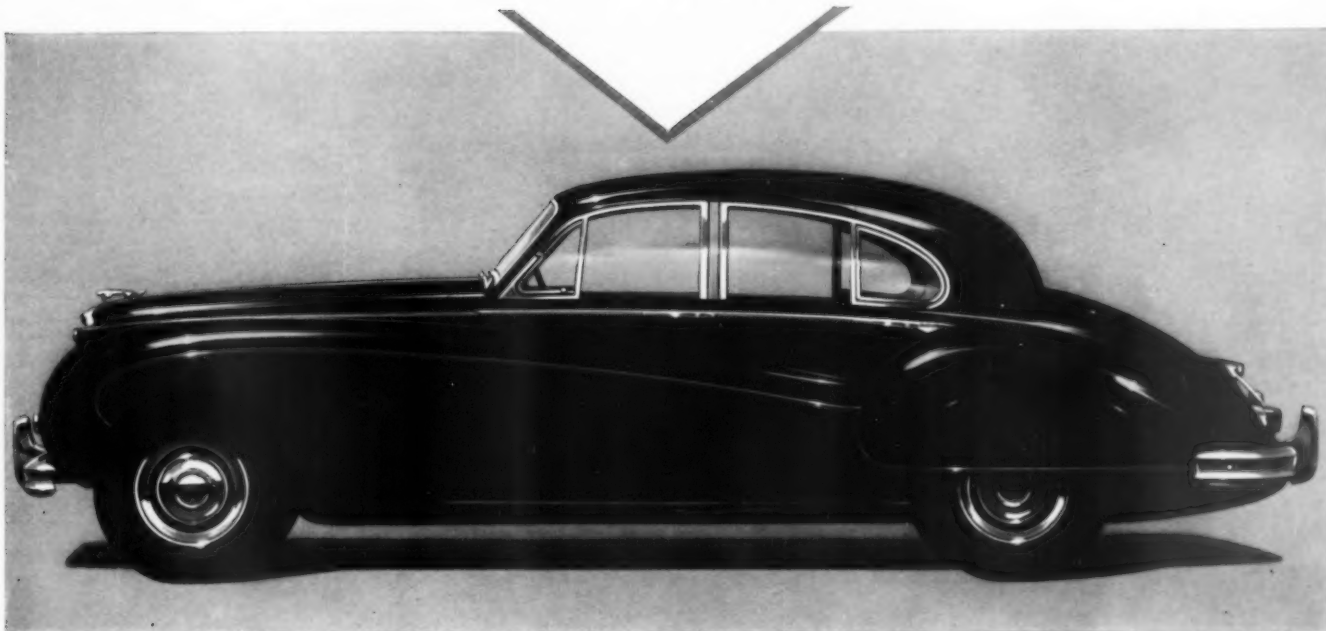


Barneys (Medium) Punchbowl (Full)
Parsons' Pleasure (Mild) each

4'10¹/₂
ounce

JAGUAR ANNOUNCE THE

VIII *mark eight*



A new luxury model now joins the Jaguar range

Here to join the world-famous Mark VII, XK and 2.4 litre models, is the Mark Eight — one of the most luxurious models ever offered as a series production car. Interior furnishings, cabinet work, fittings and accessories are in the tradition of refinement and craftsmanship usually associated only with the art of specialist coachbuilders, whilst a degree of mechanical refinement has been achieved which stamps this car as outstanding even amongst the distinguished Jaguar range which it now joins. Whilst preserving the basic lines of the Mark VII,

the Mark Eight has its own distinctive frontal appearance and is

offered in a wide range of two-tone exterior colours. It is available either with Automatic Transmission or Overdrive, or with normal manually-operated gearbox. Amongst the many interior refinements are flush-folding occasional tables in the rear compartment, hand-finished polished walnut fittings, deep pile rugs and extra deep luxurious Dunlopillo cushions, upholstered in specially selected fine grain soft-tanned leather.

MECHANICAL ADVANCES include new cylinder head and induction system with type HD6 SU carburettors and twin exhausts. An important advance in the operation of the Automatic Transmission system is the fingertip control which enables the intermediate gear to be held indefinitely, and a new brake pedal layout permitting the use of either left or right foot.



THE XK 140 DROPHHEAD COUPE

The current range of models continues for 1957:—

The Mark VII 3½ litre Saloon, with Automatic Transmission (now with new fingertip control as Mark Eight), Overdrive or normal gearbox.

The 2.4 litre Saloon, Special Equipment and standard models.

The XK 140 3½ litre Open Sports. The XK 140 3½ litre Fixed Head Coupe. The XK 140 3½ litre Drophead Coupe.

The 'D' type 3½ litre Competition Model



THE 2.4 LITRE SALOON

VISIT STAND 152 EARLS COURT

Punch, October 27, 1958

Now, more than ever - it's Ford



New
Zephyr



New Consul

EAPL'S COURT
STAND No 145



New Zodiac

-the best at lowest cost



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD.

POPULAR £275.....Plus P.T. £138.17.0

ANGLIA de Luxe £382.....Plus P.T. £192.7.0

PREFECT de Luxe £420.....Plus P.T. £211.7.0

ESCORT £414.....Plus P.T. £208.7.0

SQUIRE £445.....Plus P.T. £223.17.0

AND THE

'Three Graces'

NEW CONSUL £520.....Plus P.T. £261.7.0

NEW ZEPHYR £580.....Plus P.T. £291.7.0

NEW ZODIAC £645.....Plus P.T. £323.17.0



'5-STAR' MOTORING AND FORD SERVICE TOO

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EXCLUSIVE
FEATURES

The popular ★ LUCAS

"TWO YEARS

INSURED LIFE

SCHEME" operates

at your garage.

They recommend

and can supply Lucas

"King of the Road"

Batteries, fully charged,

LIVE AND ACTIVE,

ready for immediate use.

The Lucas Agent in

your area gives a daily

service to the trade.



By appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen
Suppliers of Electrical Equipment
JOSEPH LUCAS LTD

The "TWO YEARS INSURED LIFE SCHEME"
is applicable to the British Isles only.

LUCAS

PATENTED
POROUS
RUBBER
SEPARATORS

LUCAS

PATENTED
CONNECTORS
GIVE GREATER
STARTER
OUTPUT

LUCAS

'MILAM' CASES
TESTED TO
60,000 VOLTS

LUCAS

SPECIAL
GRID ALLOY
FOR MAXIMUM
CONDUCTIVITY

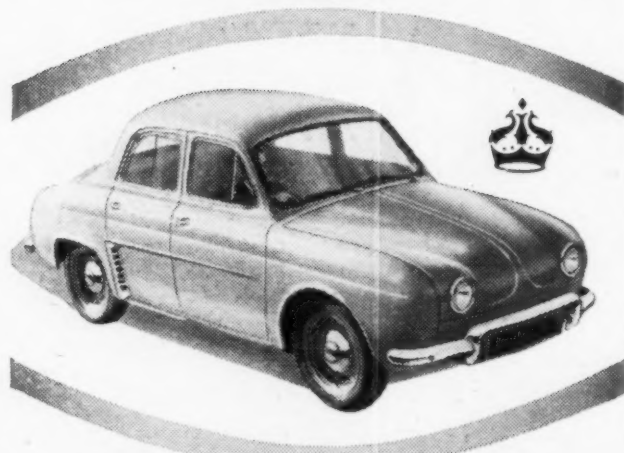


★
At any time after the initial twelve months free warranty period and within two years of purchase any garage can exchange your Lucas Car type Battery irrespective of where it was purchased for a new one at a cost proportionate to the length of service.

2 YEARS INSURED LIFE - AT NO EXTRA COST !

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD · BIRMINGHAM · ENGLAND

TRAVEL IN **RENAULT** STYLE



Dauphine

Performance Right Royal

The Dauphine is a thoroughbred; you notice that as soon as you take the wheel. Such responsiveness, such acceleration, speed and road holding are qualities rarely brought together in one car. She is available with automatic clutch, if desired; she tops 70 m.p.h. with ease and gives over 40 m.p.g.—that's "Performance Right Royal".

THE DE LUXE 750

Performance plus Economy



Amazingly manoeuvrable and extremely economical, it's the ideal small car. N.B. 4 doors and independent 4-wheel suspension too! The first small car with automatic clutch.

THE FRÉGATE

Performance plus Speed, Power, Space

Seating six in complete luxury and capable of 85 m.p.h. with ease, it's the ideal large car. N.B. High top gear fitted for economy — 28 to 30 m.p.g.!



RENAULT LTD. Western Ave., London, W.3. Showrooms: 21 Pall Mall, S.W.1

THE RENAULT RANGE:

750—DAUPHINE—FRÉGATE. All assembled or trimmed at Acton
CVS-304

We both choose **CINZANO**... *because*



I can't resist the fascinating flavour of



CINZANO BIANCO (*from Italy*) — *and he didn't*



know how good dry vermouth can be till he tried

CINZANO DRY (*from France*)

Do you like a drink that's sweet, but not *too* sweet? Then try CINZANO BIANCO, the unique White Vermouth from Italy—you'll find its piquant sweetness irresistible. If you prefer a Dry Vermouth, you will be delighted by the distinction of CINZANO DRY (from France). Both CINZANO BIANCO and CINZANO DRY are delicious served 'straight', and each adds refreshing individuality to a cocktail. More and more people are discovering that they like them both! Enjoy a new pleasure — try CINZANO today.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR VERMOUTH?

The wine called Vermouth owes its special character to the addition of extracts and infusions obtained from many fragrant herbs. Its quality, however, depends on the skill with which these ingredients are prepared and blended. The House of Cinzano has devoted 140 years to the perfecting of its Vermouths. While CINZANO BIANCO and CINZANO RED are produced in Italy, CINZANO DRY is made from French grapes, for these yield the best Dry Vermouth. Cinzano is the only producer exporting Sweet Vermouth from Italy and Dry Vermouth from France. So to enjoy Vermouth at its finest, just say CINZANO—BIANCO, or DRY, or RED.



Cinzano Bianco

17½ large-size bottle;
half-size bottle 9/3



Cinzano Dry French

18½ large-size bottle;
half-size bottle 9/6

Cinzano Red Italian Vermouth

(Sweet)
17½ large-size bottle; half-size bottle 9/3

CINZANO

Sole Importers for U.K. and N. Ireland:

GIORDANO LIMITED, 24-26 Charlotte Street, London, W.1



"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Sir."

*In all parts of the world, wherever
the game of golf is played at its best, there, too, you
will find Benson & Hedges cigarettes.*

ROYAL AUTOMOBILE COUNTRY CLUB, EPSOM
ROYAL BIRKDALE, SOUTHPORT
ROYAL EASTBOURNE • ROYAL JERSEY
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ROYAL QUEENSLAND • ROYAL MELBOURNE
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THE ROYAL BAGHDAD

It happens so often as to be beyond mere coincidence
that, at those times when contentment in relaxation
is heightened into luxury, the cigarettes are by
BENSON and HEDGES—cigarettes so carefully made,
from the finest of fine tobaccos.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
TOBACCONISTS
BENSON & HEDGES LTD

When only the best will do



BENSON & HEDGES LTD • OLD BOND STREET • LONDON • W

1956



A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle
Also Magnums 40/-

New protective coating gives added reliability, longer plug life

BENEFITS OF LODGE ELECTRODE CHROMISING PROVED BY ACID TEST

The centre electrode is the most important, most hard-worked part of any spark plug. Modern high-efficiency engines and improved fuels subject it to intensely arduous conditions, cause corrosion, loss of power.

ELECTRODE CHROMISING

Only Lodge plugs have chromised centre electrodes. Chromium is diffused into the surface material, adding an anti-corrosive shield to the nickel alloy electrode. This exclusive process results in appreciably longer plug life, added reliability.

PROVED BY THE ACID TEST

Untreated and chromised electrodes are dipped into acid, showing, in concentrated form, the effect of modern fuel and engine conditions. It proves Lodge plugs have far higher corrosion resistance.

electrode chromising is exclusive to

LODGE

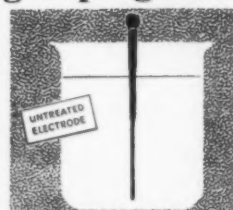
THE POWER PLUG



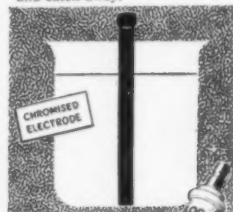
By Appointment to
Her Majesty The Queen
Suppliers of Sparking Plugs
Lodge Plugs Limited

THE ALL BRITISH
SPARK PLUG FROM
ALL GOOD GARAGES

M6 LODGE PLUGS LTD., RUGBY



THE ACID TEST shows untreated electrode visibly pitted and eaten away.



THE ACID TEST has no ill-effect on the sides of Lodge chromised electrode.

*SINTOX INSULATION

Another exclusive Lodge feature is aircraft-tested pink Sintox insulation, contributing to the technical supremacy of Lodge plugs.



LODGE PILES Limited's outstanding successes in motor racing this year include the famous Le Mans 24-hour race.

Ride all the year round on

Firestone

Town & Country

Add Winter **GRIP** to your rear wheels

Town & Country are the perfect all-season tyres for rear wheels. Winter and summer, on the road and off, Town & Country add grip and stability to a car on any surface, with quiet comfort and long trouble-free mileage.

Experience Counts-

27 Factories throughout the world. Firestone total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day. Firestone Tubeless Tyres have been proved in service since 1951 and production today exceeds 1,500,000 per month.

Town & Country are also ideal for estate cars and light vans.

TUBELESS or TUBED

For front wheels fit Firestone De Luxe

Firestone TYRES—consistently good



The Elegant NEW **SINGER**


Gazelle



Admired for Elegance . . Applauded for Performance . .

Graceful advanced styling
Exceptional visibility, steadiness, safety
Complete luxury, with deep comfortable
seating and de-luxe fittings
Handsome polished walnut fascia and
impeccable interior finish

Generous luggage accommodation
Improved Singer 1½-litre overhead
camshaft engine giving a brilliant
new performance
Sleek, swift and sure, easy to handle and
economical to own, the Singer Gazelle
offers an exciting new experience in motoring.

PRICE **£598**
Plus P.T. £300.7.0

Also available as a Convertible Coupé
Price £665 Plus P.T. £333.17.0

SEE IT AT EARL'S COURT, STAND NO. 136

Product of



ROOTES MOTORS LTD

SINGER MOTORS LIMITED • COVENTRY AND BIRMINGHAM
(Division of Rootes Motors Ltd.)
London Showrooms & Export Division • Rootes Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, W.1





'FROXFIELD'
£16.16.0
Cover as shown

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PARKER-KNOLL MODEL
BEARS A NAME-TAPE
ALONG THE
SEAT FRAME

MAY WE POST YOU OUR CATALOGUE?

Our catalogue, containing full details and illustrations of seventeen Parker-Knoll models, will be sent free on request. Don't delay, write today to: The Courtyard, Frogmoor, High Wycombe, Bucks.

PARKER-KNOLL

have comfort taped

Showrooms: LONDON: 234 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1.
Also at 3 Barton Square, St. Ann's Square, Manchester: 35 Park Street, Bristol:
43 Temple Street, Birmingham and High Wycombe.

CVS 224

Tweeds...

Whatever kind of watch you may want, for an active life or for evening elegance, Tudor, by Rolex, has the best of both.

The Tudor Oyster Princess, on the right, is completely waterproof in its Oyster case. It is a sturdy outdoor watch that can take all the rough treatment you can give it, and you never wind it up!



The Tudor Oyster Princess, waterproof Oyster case, "rotor" self-winding mechanism. In stainless steel at £36; other Tudor Oysters from £26.

or Taffetas

For evening you may like the Tudor cocktail watch on the left. Within its tiny case is an accurate Tudor movement, made with Swiss precision. Write for our catalogue, showing a range of fifty Rolex and Tudor watches and where to find your nearest Rolex jeweller.



Solid 9-carat gold watch with delicate link bracelet and 17-jewel movement. An exclusive Tudor design, it costs £49.10.0; other Tudor watches from £12.7.6.

TUDOR
BY ROLEX

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. Wilsdorf, Founder and Chairman),
1 GREEN STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

The pageantry of the past
made gay for today

Lister

CONTEMPORARY VELVETS

Here are warm, sunkissed colours from velvets that decorated the royal courts hundreds of years ago; colours rediscovered by Lister and reproduced in a new and inexpensive range of guaranteed curtain velvets. Yes, if they fade, Lister's replace! See these living, singing colours in your local shop today.

Other Lister curtain fabrics include:

**TAPESTRIES - HOMESPUNS - BROCADES
DAMASKS**

LISTER & CO. LTD., MANNINGHAM MILLS
BRADFORD, YORKS





*"Now tell me how
you like my coffee"*

* Hair Style by Simon

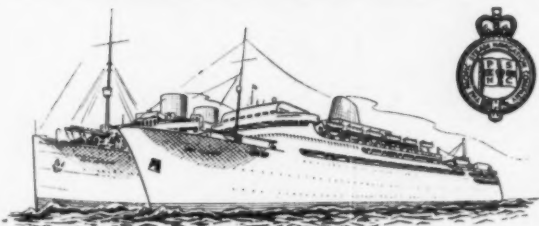
WHY DO THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOSTESSES-ABOUT-TOWN USE LYONS PURE COFFEE?

There's a very simple reason . . . Freshly ground coffee beans will only make the best coffee if the beans themselves are fresh. The coffee beans used by Lyons are roasted and ground at the peak of their freshness, then the coffee is *immediately* aroma-sealed (by an exclusive Lyons process) in the well-known green tins.

It is the freshest coffee you can buy.



LYONS FOR REAL COFFEE



The two liners s.s. "REINA DEL MAR" and m.v. "REINA DEL PACIFICO" are able to offer special facilities for children including Play Rooms and Play Decks, where the children may be left to enjoy themselves under the supervision of a children's Hostess and their own Stewardess.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
s.s. "REINA DEL MAR" and m.v. "REINA DEL PACIFICO" leave Liverpool on the 10th JANUARY and 14th FEBRUARY, 1957, respectively, for ROUND VOYAGES to the West Coast of South America via France, Spain, the Caribbean and the Panama Canal.

* The new liner 20,225 ton s.s. "REINA DEL MAR" is air-conditioned throughout and is equipped with stabilizers.

Consult

THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY

(inc. by Royal Charter—1840)

PACIFIC BUILDING - JAMES ST. - LIVERPOOL 2
or any Travel Agent.



JEREZ CREAM Choicest Old Oloroso SHERRY



Rich and Luscious with the outstanding quality and flavour that only AGE, EXPERT SELECTION AND BLENDING in JEREZ (Spain) can produce

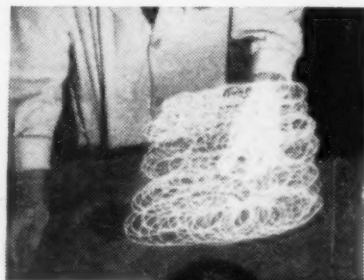
Shipped only by:—

WILSON & VALDESPINO
JEREZ · SPAIN

Obtainable from all leading wine Merchants

A PATTERN OF PROGRESS

The intricate light patterns below prove not only that it's quicker by power—that's obvious, but also just *how much* quicker—and easier—and that's really outstanding.



For this test 2 square feet of metal panel was sanded using emery paper.
TIME TAKEN—
20 minutes.

Same test using a Black & Decker 7" Sander/Grinder.
TIME TAKEN—
2 minutes 5 seconds.
(Approx. 10 times faster).



These time exposures were taken during a recent 'Time & Motion' study and the results surprised even us. Of course, sanding metal panels is only one of the jobs tackled by our Sanders—and Sanders themselves are only part of our complete range of electric power tools. Start the pattern of progress in your works by sending for our catalogue and see the tools we make specially to help you.

QUICKER AND BETTER WITH

Black & Decker

PORTABLE ELECTRIC TOOLS

BLACK & DECKER LIMITED · HARMONDSWORTH · MIDDLESEX

Right round the world



At a London theatre or a business dinner—
or on a winter cruise to the Mediterranean—you'll appreciate
the comfort and ease of a Daks lightweight dinner suit.
Be one of the first to choose this new single-breasted style
with a step collar. In lightweight hopsack worsted,
it looks and feels incomparably right. £25.10.0.
The double-breasted suit is in black barathea. £23.10.0.

Simpson
PICCADILLY

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd, London W.1 Regent 2002



BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURERS THE DAIMLER CO. LTD.

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Punch, October 17 1956



The Daimler 3½ litre 'One-O-Four' Saloon

Shell Nature Studies 22

Punch, October 17 1956

SKULLS

PAINTED BY TRISTRAM HILLIER

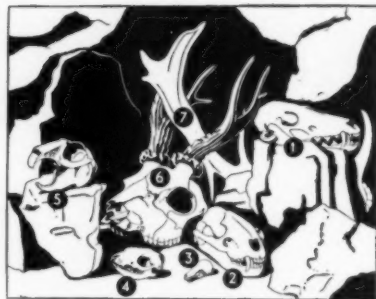


Skulls of animals picked up round the country make more than a strange, fascinating collection. They show, for example, how the teeth of animals are adapted to their way of living.

Skulls of FOX (1) and BADGER (2), often to be found outside earths they may have occupied, have long sharp interlocking canines for fighting, slashing, holding, and killing. The MOLE (3) has needle-sharp teeth which close into slippery, juicy earthworms, compared with the sharp but sturdier molars of the HEDGEHOG (4) which crush the wing-cases of a garden beetle. The HARE's skull (5) displays teeth and a jaw adapted for plucking and chewing a vegetarian's diet.

Another vegetarian, the RED DEER (6), has cheek-teeth which wear to a grinding surface for chewing the balls of cud formed from leaves, grass, etc. Eaters of grass such as the horse or the cow also have a cheek-tooth adapted for grinding in this way.

Note the wrinkly antlers of the RED DEER and the smoother antlers of a young FALLOW DEER (7).



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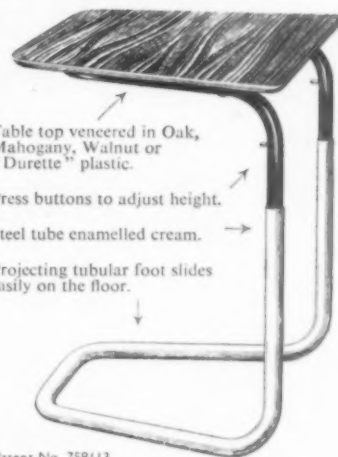


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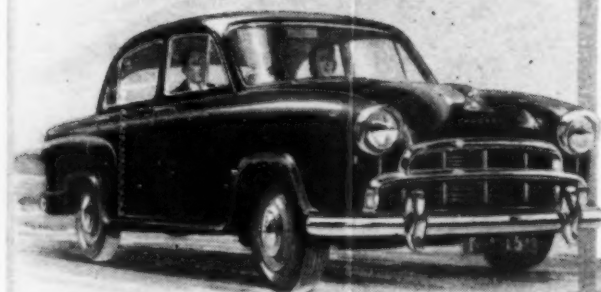
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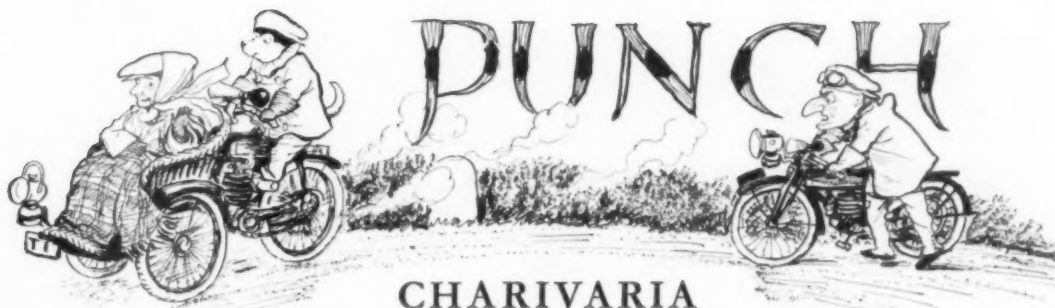
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C.261 (56).



MR. CHOU EN-LAI'S remark to members of a Singapore trade delegation, "Your best friends are the British" was, according to a later report "largely the product of a garbled translation." This only confirms the ordinary man's suspicions that in spite of simultaneous headphone interpreting and all the other scientific devices for overcoming international language barriers, politicians of one country seldom really know what politicians of another are saying. Who can blame the Security Council if nothing clear-cut emerges from present consultations? It is understood that still later reports on Mr. Chou En-lai's speech will suggest other possible interpretations. But whether he is eventually found to have said "Your best friends are the British," "The British are their own best friends," or "Old friends are best," it must still be assumed by experienced diplomats that he meant something entirely different.

Dismissed

LEADERS, reports, feature articles, television investigations, official statements, news bulletins, radio comment,



and letters to the Press have combined to make it clear that the degree of unrest among Army reservists was too slight to deserve attention.

Keep 'em Laughing

LABOUR'S pamphlet urging young people to think for themselves (and telling them what to think) breaks new ground with its title *Take It From Here*, and is sure to start a vogue in party political pills coated with show business

chocolate. But the Conservative and Liberal parties should be warned that although they may earn a few marks for frankness, by publishing their policy statements under titles borrowed from well-known comedy programmes, the voter is in fact quite out of touch with all that old B.B.C. steam radio stuff. Only a clever echo from the I.T.A. screen will evoke a vibration of recognition. Who will be first with a booklet entitled *Double Your Money*?

X = O

MILLIONS of British sportsmen are disquieted by the installation of an electronic brain at the headquarters of a football pool firm. Reportedly it is to



be used for "stock control," but how is anyone to know that things will stop there? It may be only a matter of time before promoters are winning one another's pools.

Make Your Own Thrombosis

LATEST in the vogue of "Do-it-Yourself" is a kit enabling the customer to take his own blood pressure, said to be indispensable for anyone who has recently been a customer for any other kind of "Do-it-Yourself" kit.

Point a Moral

WHETHER or not Mr. Aubrey Jones is the right man for the Fuel Ministry must be judged by those better placed for observation, but many critics feel that a really alert Minister would have cashed in on the recent news item about the two rhesus monkeys on a London roof "hugging the chimneys for warmth"

—pointing out that if the warmth had been properly distributed in the sitting-room this would never have happened.

Fame a Many-Splendoured Thing

WHILE ready to agree with the *Star* that the appointment as honorary W.R.A.C. (T.A.) Colonel of Viscountess De L'Isle and Dudley, daughter of Lord Gort, v.c., and wife of a Grenadier Guards v.c. descended from Sir Philip Sidney, could reasonably be described as "an appropriate choice," the mass of the public feels that the same should have been said about the appointment, reported in the same paper, as W.R.N.S. Commandant, Chatham, of Chief Officer Joan Denham, "sister of actor Maurice Denham, the original 'Dudley Davenport' ('Oh, I say, I am a fool') of 'Much Binding in the Marsh.'" Indeed, several readers have written in wanting to know Lord De L'Isle and Dudley's catch-phrase.

Step Forward

BROMLEY motorists are much encouraged by the corporation's reported decision to remove a pedestrian refuge



because cars were continually knocking it down. They are now hopeful that a similar decision will be taken with regard to pedestrians.

Three Little Words

WHILE the eyes and ears of some hope never again to be flailed with the phrase "R*** 'n' R***," the occupational exploiters of a moment's jargon have pounced on it with uninhibited gusto, and it is hard to decide whether to be

most impressed by Mr. Gaitskell, who dragged it in to his tirade against the Government, Princess Margaret's *Britannia* publicists (in conjunction with the Royal Marine Band), practically any newspaper sub-editor ("They all sing 'Rock of Ages' then they Rock 'n' Roll" —*News Chronicle*), or the organizers of a "Rock 'n' Roll" social at Tye Green, Essex, where "sticks of rock and ham rolls were handed out."

Report to Room 101

SIR DAVID ECCLES's announcement that "new schools are being opened at the rate of ten a week" has been of great comfort to parents—excluding



those who happened to read about a couple recently opened in St. John's Wood, and the architect's proud claim, "They have the atmosphere of 1984."

The Low Road

VIEWERS north of the Border, who had been looking forward to a helping of Gaelic in their entertainment porringers when their own Scottish I.T.A. system gets going next year, are disappointed by the report in the *Weekly Scotsman* that the network will be run by an Englishman called Purdy, straight from several years' show business in New York.

For Those Passing Over

HULL Corporation has given an inspired lead in road safety with its decision to make pedestrian crossings of white inlaid wood. Even more go-ahead authorities may well copy and improve, with significant strips of polished oak.

First Night

THE view from the stalls
Of the View from the Bridge

Presented the oddest of bods,
Though really no odder
As cultural fodder

Than the view of the stalls from the gods.

BULL

KEEN study of reports from our correspondents all over who have reported on the bull situation shows that you can have as much or little bull as you want, but you ought not to pretend not to be bulling when you're bulling.

There are men in the War Office who, after giving a lot of thought to the matter, take the view that a bit of bull is better than a lot of slop. There are Grenadiers in Malta who, according to some observers, want to know what the bull's all about.

Their question should be answered (without, of course, the least prejudice to good order and military discipline.)

As, for instance, you call out the troops, establish camp for saving nation, and have them paint the pale yellow dahlias bright yellow because somebody said it was a colour dear to the eye of the wife of the Commander-in-Chief.

Not, in its way, a bad idea. But you must explain clearly to the troops and the off-the-record press conference of Military Correspondents and Strategic Geniuses that this is what you are quite simply up to. State too that in your view the alternatives are sharp increases in drunkenness and rape, and that if anyone wants instead to attend visiting Herr Professor ex-SS-General-Oberst Schwein's lecture on the Genius of Rommel, he is at liberty to do so.



"'Till death, or the Divorce
Commissioner, us do part.' H'm..."

Historic Bull Man Number One was the Grand Old Duke of York, and after all they put up a statue to him in full view of the Athenæum. Radical narkers of the day criticized him because he marched what seems to have been about a Division and a bit up a very high hill, and marched them down again.

Why not? He was keeping them out of mischief and in trim for any action which might, eventually, eventuate.

It is about time that these Guardsmen and Reservists and Editors of *Manchester Guardians* and suchlike realized that if civilians—many of them married men with children—who have been called to fight the Battle of the Squeeze on the Plateau were to adopt a similar "What's it all mean?" attitude to bull, you would get a collapse in which, to say the least of it, many restaurants would close at once.

For example, day after day, week after week, in the office of any great concern in London, Manchester, or any other large city, these men—Heads of Departments, Labour Relations Managers, Experts on this and that—are summarily summoned to attend conferences which occupy the greater part of the working day. If you took the roof off central London to-morrow at eleven a.m. you would find the reason no work can be done is that everyone is in conference.

Everyone concerned knows that, so far as their ostensible objectives are concerned, these conferences achieve absolutely nothing. Whatever was supposed to be decided by the conference has either been decided already or is going to be turned down anyway.

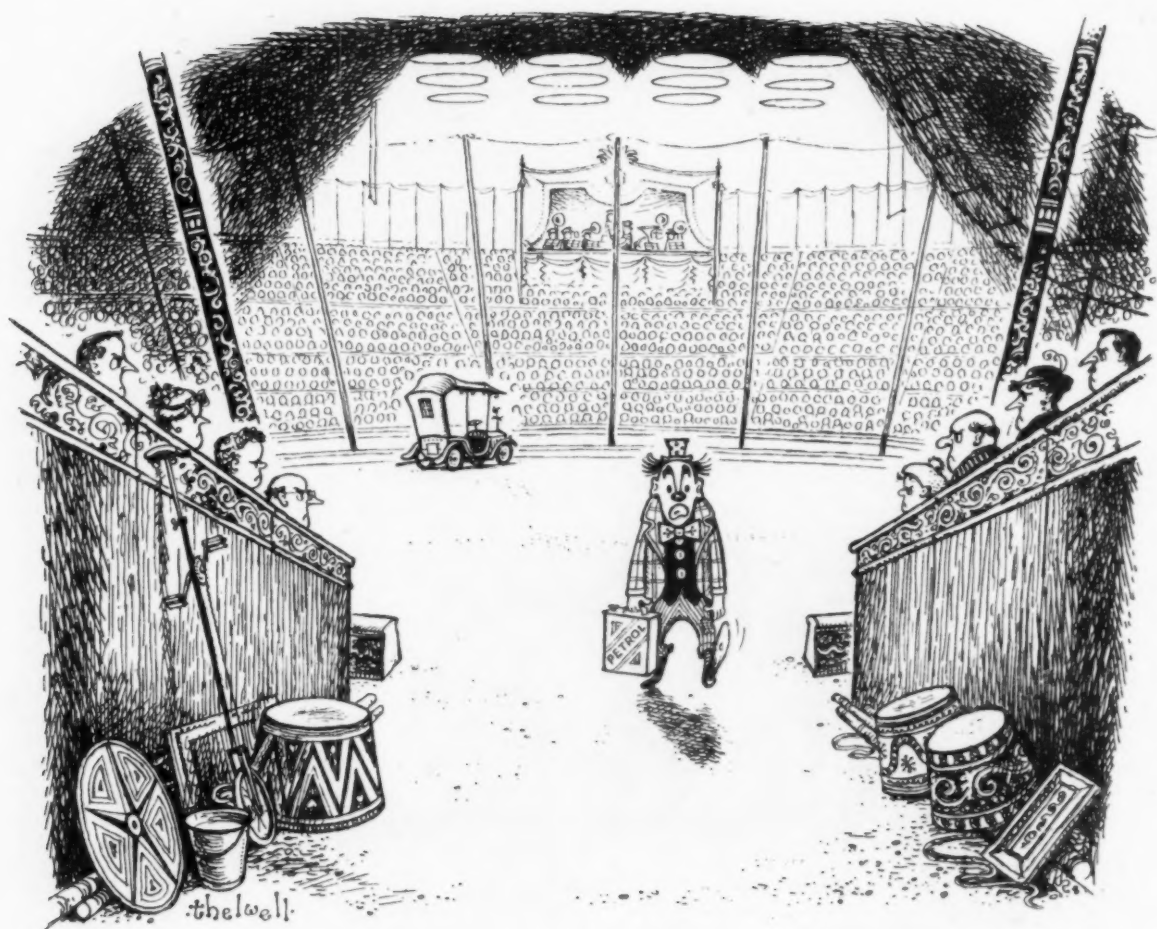
In other words—pure bull. But civilians, who have a sense of discipline not always easy for military men to understand, realize that without such bull people would lose their sense of business altogether, and in next to no time the Japanese would be importing motor-cars and whisky into Britain while Britain's business men spent their mornings snoring among the tea-cups in the Mocha-mocha café.

The same thing goes for the kit-inspections undergone by civilians seeking (a) employment, (b) a raise, (c) to sell a man a pup. Arduous.

C. C.



*The grand old Anthony Eden
Recalled thirty thousand men;
He marched them up to the top of a hill
And he'll march them down again.*



Lie Low, Jason

By GWYN THOMAS

AT the Thursday night committee meeting at the Bannerman Club in Belmont the secretary read the letter out to us. A group of Americans in Philadelphia, who had left Britain in the mid-'twenties, had been staring at American political life for thirty years and felt that America might have something to learn from the homely, intellectually modest and politically responsible club movement in Britain. So the club union had been invited to choose nationally three average members to go to the States and explain what club life had meant to them.

I stood up and proposed Waldo Falkman. The reception they gave me was carved up into the usual zones of hear-hear, tut-tut, shrugs and sneers.

I got a frown from our secretary, Nestor Pomfray, because he had not quite finished speaking when I sprang to my feet and named Falkman as the ideal delegate. Pomfray teaches history at the Belmont Grammar School and has, in my view, a manner that is top-heavy with pomp. The height and shape of the committee room suits his type of baritone voice and he makes an aria out of every reading of the minutes. I do not think he has ever been the same since he was persuaded to do an act at the club's Saturday concert. He has been doing it regularly over the last few months. The act is called "Phrases in History that Will Never Die" and Pomfray has really got hold of a bucketful. Phrases like: "Gentlemen, the

lights are going out all over Europe!" "Wait and See!" "Bring stools for the ambassadors." "They now ring the bells, they will soon be wringing their hands." At first when Pomfray operated on a small ration of these deathless phrases he could afford the time to explain who said them and what they meant. But he has got hold of such a tremendous clutch of them now that all he can do is race through them at top speed, maddening the newer and slower members who have no idea how this began. All we can do is wait for him to be shot by some vocalist who can no longer get on the bill because Pomfray just stands there as a one-man echo of a thousand years of steady historical utterance.

So Pomfray was not pleased when I cut him short in mid-sentence as he was finishing the letter from Philadelphia.

"What was that name again?" asked our Chairman, Granville Manns.

"Waldo Falkman."

"Now look, Jason," said Granville. (My name is Jason Grace. I am the Public Relations agent of the Belmont Town Hall, working on a general front of social welfare under the title of the Amenities Officer.) "Now look, Jason, since you were made the Amenities Officer of Belmont, whatever that means, I've heard you make some pretty insane suggestions. That sort of wit may go down very well at the Town Hall. But we're a hard-headed lot here, you know, and the only suggestions we want to hear made must be sound and ice-cold."

Pomfray had his hand up.

"You would like to say something, Mr. Pomfray?"

"I would indeed." Pomfray's voice was hung with irony, slow and wounding. "We stand poised on a moment in time when Britain needs to produce her best in the presence of friend and foe. Our friends in Philadelphia will expect to see men from these shores who by

their very appearance and speech testify to the virtues of such clubs as ours, where the great mass of solid citizens can, over a stoup of ale and to the accompaniment of harmless games such as darts and skittles, exchange those sensible ideas without which any democracy would die. We have nothing to fear but fear." (Pomfray had just added that last sentence to his list of deathless phrases. It did not fit in to what we were talking about, but Pomfray had to use it.) "Waldo Falkman, whose name has just been suggested by our colleague Jason Grace, is a jughead and a clown. His appearance as a speaker in America would make final and precise the now vague American belief that Britain is not only ready for the embalmer but is waiting for an American loan to order the fluid."

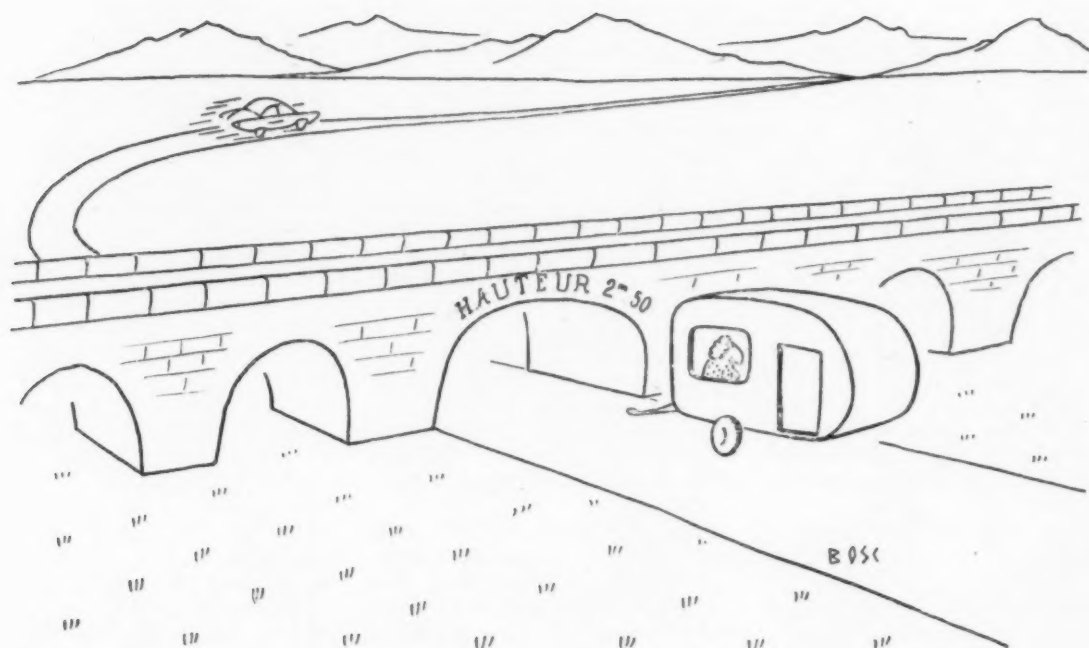
I sat down. There were noisy requests that I give my reasons for believing that Waldo Falkman would be the man for Philadelphia. I did not give my critics the full explanation for which they bayed. Let life spell out the thing for them.

Publicly I say that Waldo Falkman deserves some restitution for as rough and ill-shaped a life as the town of Belmont has ever known. Privately I

mutter that if people saw Waldo let loose on the job of being a public representative they would see men like me in a new and better light, and they would make less fuss about the passing of Lloyd George.

Falkman from the start has worn a suit of small calamities cut in the style of 1911; tight and dark. When he took up pigeon-racing his pigeons were the first of their species never to have heard of the instinct to come back to the loft. They were delivered by basket to the place from which they were supposed to return infallibly to Belmont. Fanciers said that Waldo was too anxious to suit such a relaxed type of bird as a pigeon, and that as soon as they were let out of their baskets in that particular town they couldn't wait to double the distance between themselves and Waldo. Waldo nodded when he heard the theories of these pigeon-lovers, but for months he prowled around the back lanes in which were found the cots of the other pigeon fanciers, softly calling the names of his lost birds. He was persuaded not to do this by people who do a lot of hanging around back lanes—lovers and so on—because they have quite enough trouble with police and strict parents without





having Falkman groping past them and crying like Orpheus after his pigeons.

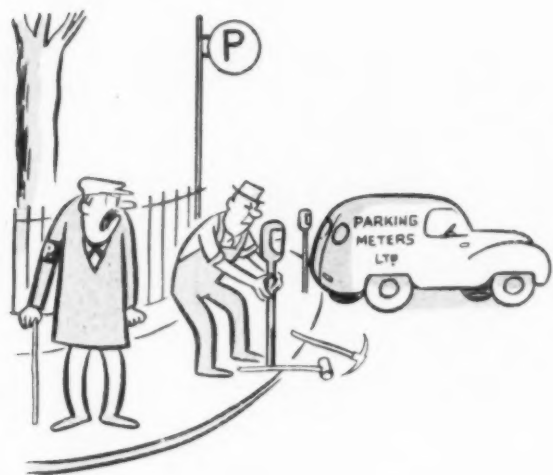
Waldo also had ambitions for his son, Otway Falkman. Otway was a tenor. "Otway," Waldo said, "is Belmont's Jan Kiepura." Those who had never heard of Kiepura did not get much guidance from hearing Otway. Waldo urged the boy at every whipstitch to imitate the vocal abandon and volume of the Pole. But Otway's approach to a note was too wild, and except when the song he sang was about death and he dropped his voice to nothing, there was a suggestion of hog-calling or shouting for help in most of his efforts.

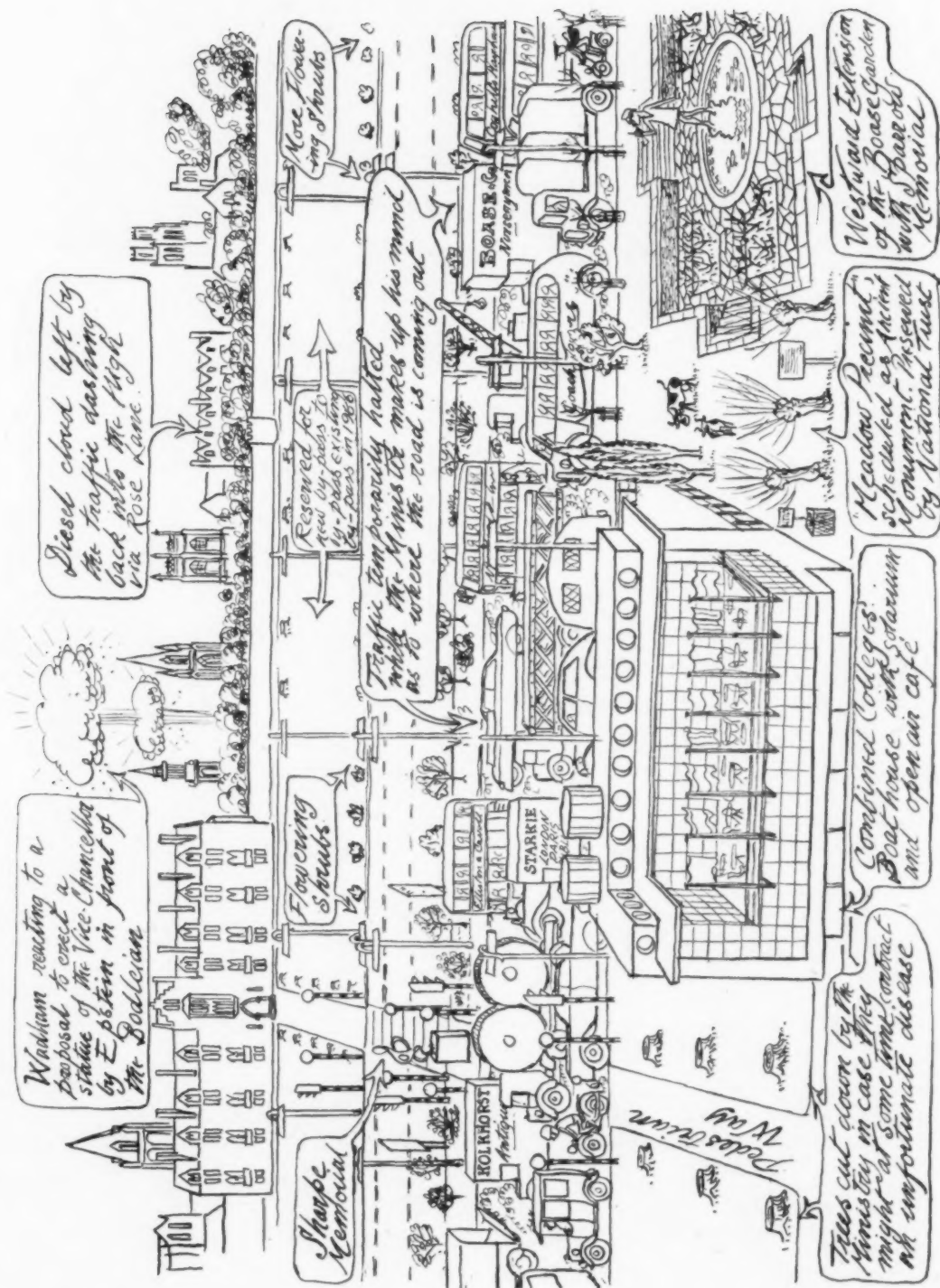
People in the club concerts where he sang were constantly interrupting their drinking to see if they could lend a hand, and Otway was frequently cursed by these drinkers. He was given his chance at a B.B.C. talent-spotting competition held at the Belmont Riverside Club, a flimsily-built structure which once went in for adult education and the housing of a brigade of voters who piled sand-bags into a rough levee when the river rose too quickly. The Club had now installed a bar and put a fine on thought with the coming of full employment. The talent-spotting concert was held at the end of a week of solid rain.

Otway was to sing *O Paradiso*, a simplified arrangement which allowed him to stick to one note, and that of a sort comparable with a shriek of bats. Otway's rehearsal performance drove his pianist, Desmond Dobbs, into a fit of migraine, and when Otway marched on to the stage for the actual performance Dobbs played the introduction to one of the elegies which Waldo, a respecter of death and a fondler of deprivation, had taught Otway to sing in the most recessive whisper. Just as Otway was shaping up for the first note of *O Paradiso* he cocked his ear and noticed that Dobbs was off on some tack of his own, and he was shaking his fist at Dobbs when some voter rushed in and shouted at everybody to take to the hills. The chairman was going to ask if this was the beginning of some uncouth comedy act aimed at the degradation of tenors when a portion of the wall vanished and in came the river. All that the listening public heard was Otway bubbling as he tried to rescue his sheet music, and an occasional gasp as he struck at Dobbs with the piano stool, trying to drown him. That incident silenced Otway for a while. Then, after a spell of evangelism which he used as a means of limbering up for a new phase,

he took up conjuring and magic, and he had used Waldo more than once as the partner in some of the most inscrutably inconclusive bits of illusion. On two occasions Otway was seen thumbing through the magician's handbook re-checking the facts in the very ambulance that was rushing Waldo off for treatment.

The more I thought of these facts in the life of Waldo Falkman the rawer and more urgent my compassion became. At last week's meeting of the Bannerman Club committee I advanced his name again as an ideal member of the delegation to explain the beauties of club life to the States. I did it with a fervour that convinced even Nestor Pomfray that either they would have to carry my proposal or carry me out. Waldo got the vote. He will begin his series of addresses over there at about the time when the great presidential elections will be getting under way. I had Waldo give me a sample address last night. Pomfray was right, but I am not saying anything. I foresee the greatest crisis of confusion in America since Columbus mistook it for China. If the American President strikes you in a few weeks' time as sadder and smaller than he used to be, that's Falkman.





DESIGN FOR SANDY'S BOULEVARD BY OSBERT LANCASTER

Speak to Me, Miss Parsaloglou

By PATRICK CAMPBELL

I WAS out and about for a couple of hours last week with twenty-two of the runners in the "Miss World" beauty contest, which was fought to a finish in the Lyceum Ballroom on Monday night.

My money was on Miss Petra Schurmann of Germany, tall, slender and widely doe-eyed. In the time I had her under observation she actually appeared to be enjoying herself. This was because she had a vocabulary of two hundred English words, and was therefore able to play an active part in the long week of revelry that preceded the contest proper.

Many of the other beauties were not so fortunate. Miss Koivu of Finland, dark, pale and petite, speaking only Finnish, had no means of any kind of communicating with the outside world, a circumstance which appeared to have placed her in a catatonic trance. Miss Parsaloglou of Greece was saved from a similar fate by the possession of three words of French, and Miss Tokura of Japan by the love of Miss Amy Kelly of Ireland.

When I met Miss Kelly, in the refined vestibule of her hotel off the Strand, she was wearing Irish colleen's dress, carrying a shillelagh and holding Miss Tokura by the hand. Miss Tokura was in geisha costume and was heavily burdened with a geisha doll in a large glass case. "She's me room-mate," Miss Kelly explained, in a marked Dublin accent. "Of course the only way we can talk is by signs, but she's a lovely little thing, isn't she?" Miss Tokura, who was indeed exquisite in an entirely Japanese way, lowered her eyes to the floor.

The beauties were assembling to call upon the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and all of them were bearing gifts. This preliminary round was undoubtedly won by Miss Portaluri of Italy, who had hit upon a skin-tight toga as her national costume. Her jet black hair hung straight down her back. Her white toga began slightly above the waist, and she carried a two-foot gilt statuette of some unidentifiable Roman goddess. She presented a spectacle the like of which I have never seen anywhere at eleven o'clock in the morning.

In the bus we found we were a

beauty short. A small altercation broke out between the two chaperones, Mrs. Kingsmill and Mrs. Scott—two self-possessed models with a Knightsbridge base and a fluent command of French and Italian. "Egypt's missing," Mrs. Kingsmill complained. "She's there, in the front," said Mrs. Scott. "Don't be silly, darling, that's Tunis," said Mrs. Kingsmill.

When Egypt was eventually flushed from the hotel she was seen to be wearing a black burnous and black yashmak, striking something of a chill into the brightly coloured coach-load. When she sat down in front of me, however, I was happy to see that her yashmak was secured at the back with a hairpin.

On the way to the Mansion House Miss Kelly—with regulation colleen blue eyes and black lashes—told me that her aunt had nineteen children, of whom seventeen were alive, and that her brother had been struck in the face by a complete stranger in O'Connell Street the Christmas before last, and had fallen down and cracked his skull. Miss Kelly was bubbling over with English and *joie de vivre*, unlike Miss Parsaloglou, who was silently turning pale green across the aisle.

"I thought yesterday morning," Mrs.

Kingsmill told me, "she had scarlet fever, but it's only an allergy. She's full of pills."

"What's she allergic to?" I asked.

"The other girls, I should think," said Mrs. Kingsmill crisply.

In the Mansion House, with photographers clashing together and climbing over one another, the beauties were lined up to present their gifts to the Lord Mayor, who was in morning dress, attended by the Lady Mayoress, in sober black. During the presentations Miss Portaluri—the greater part of her toga now extended behind her in a train—had another smash-hit. She gave the Lord Mayor her statuette and in return, through an interpreter, he revealed that he would be in Rome on October 26 to see the Pope and other Roman notables. He begged Miss Portaluri to call. The photographers went wild, while the Lord Mayor held Miss Portaluri and the statuette. Shortly afterwards Miss Parsaloglou, who indeed seemed to be of more delicate fibre than her sisters, almost fainted in a throne-like chair and had to be taken home.

We were to lunch in a place in the City, advertised in the programme as "one of the oldest inns in London, used by Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist."

Tunis, Egypt, Venezuela, Morocco,



in the full blaze of their national costume had a remarkable effect upon the regular clientele—respectable City men with pipes and halves of bitter. They leant out of the windows as the beauties went by and gave vent to roars of honest British laughter. "Eef zey Italiano," a lady interpreter observed tartly—she looked Italian herself—"zey are shaseeng

oos." She rolled her eyes briefly to the sky in disgust.

Just before we went in to lunch a diversion broke out in an ante-chamber leading off the banquet hall. There was a sound of rhythmic clapping, and excited laughter. A Mr. Morley, in charge of the party, went in after it and came out with a firm grip on

Miss Egypt. "Belly-dancing," he said briefly, and set Miss Egypt down beside him at the end of the table.

At lunch I found myself between Miss Scherz of Austria on one side, and the Misses Hotelet, Cuzin and Dætwyler, of Belgium, France and Switzerland, on the other. Miss Scherz and I conversed haltingly in English and German. "All the same," said Miss Scherz, who was wearing a small crown of brown nylon hair, "Miss Italy has a manly face, is it not so?" In a way, it was so, beneath a dark ochre make-up.

In the generally constrained silence the three French-speaking beauties were having a splendid time, almost entirely at the expense of Miss Denmark, who was sitting opposite them, locked away in her Danish thoughts. "She's forty-two," said Miss Dætwyler. In fact Miss Denmark was nineteen. "What a mug," said Miss Cuzin, in argot. The three ladies became convulsed with laughter. The beautiful Miss Denmark smiled politely.

In a kind of French I asked Miss Hotelet if she was enjoying herself. She was heavily swathed in white Brussels lace. "I am not," replied Miss Hotelet. She was twenty-five, and had a pale blue, ironic eye. "What we want is a man who speaks every language, and knows everything." The Misses Cuzin and Dætwyler were convulsed again. "Give me some English words to say, if I win the prize," said Miss Hotelet peremptorily.

After some thought I wrote a sentence for her on the back of an envelope. "I am glad my mother is not here." Miss Hotelet seemed pleased. She repeated the words carefully. "And now—if I get nothing," she said.

I wrote out another one. "Why did that girl win? She is very old and I am much prettier." Miss Hotelet kissed the piece of paper and dropped it into her bosom.

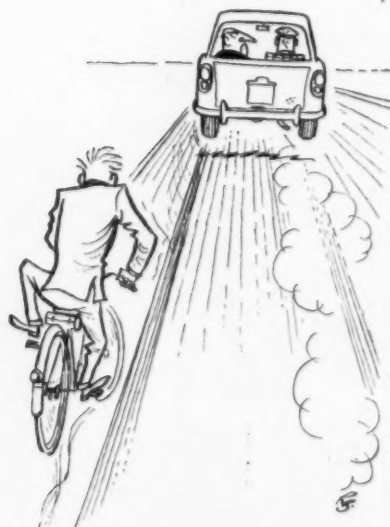
"Move on to Sunday afternoon and the outside broadcast called 'Sunday in the Park' . . . It will be introduced by a very clever little film of the same title made by two gifted enthusiasts . . . Their very candid camera catches Londoners sleeping, strolling, eating, sunbathing, reclining, disporting, love-making, arguing, playing, listening, laughing, and lazing . . ."—*Daily Mail*

Getting divorced?





INTO the pubs and clubs and places where they talk motor-cars a breath of panic has floated lately. It first became noticeable when the Institute of Advanced Motorists was born, clutching a shadowy Advanced Driving Certificate in its terrible little infant hand. Men who had always considered their driving as advanced as the next man's, and a good deal more so than the next but one's (who cut in on the last bend between you and that furniture-van), became suddenly uneasy. They were on the horns of a grim dilemma—to submit themselves to the I.A.M. test and brave the risk of failure, or not to submit and drive for ever with a coward's conscience plucking at their elbow. Flunk or funk, that seemed to be the question. The motorist is by nature an open, gossipy character, quite unable to keep his big trap shut, so that only the merest handful of tight-lipped eccentrics were able to steal off for a test without telling their friends; and



they, according to results, returned either more tight-lipped than before, or suddenly and sensationally open and gossipy. In the meantime things got worse. Wives and grown-up families, trained to an impregnable confidence in the breadwinner's supreme carmanship, got to hear of the Test and expressed surprise that he hadn't rushed off to take it and to give the examiner a tip or two in the process. In the home and at the office the inevitable rumours grew. All I.A.M. examiners were eight



feet tall, with instructions to disqualify on sight any candidate who drove up with gravel in his tyre-treads. They insisted on hand-signalling and indicators, even on the near side. They endorsed your licence if your dusters were dirty, and threw you in gaol for smoking at the wheel.

Before these tales get further tangled it seems as well to expose the Institute tests for what they are—a sober and sensible means of raising driving standards by telling candidates whether they are as good as they think they are and, if they aren't, showing them how easily they could be. No tricks, no traps, no concealed turnings sprung out of the blue; just a study of your approach to the ordinary hazards of the day's run, and an earnest hope of discerning that intelligent proficiency which you always pray—but too often take for granted—that your fellow road-user will exhibit. To the ordinary Ministry driving test the I.A.M. test is as a soufflé to a scrambled egg, poetry to doggerel, ballet to ballroom dancing, cabinet-making to carpentry. The "L-plate"

man may come through with flying colours if he keeps two feet from the kerb, signals something or other at least once a minute, and overtakes nothing faster than a pedestrian-controlled electric milk-float. The I.A.M. candidate would get a blue tab on his record-sheet for the same performance, signifying that he hasn't a clue what advanced driving is, namely to get the best possible progress out of your road and your car, but with such judgment and consideration that accidents can't happen.

What has startled the examiners, and caused them to view present accident statistics with practically no surprise whatsoever, is the proportion of candidates who turn up in full but illusory confidence that they are driving in this exemplary fashion already. They are usually the jolly, breezy type, who shake the examiner's hand warmly, tell him where the cigarettes are, slam in the gears and drive off smartly through a "Halt" sign. Once when this happened the driver was brought back twice more on the same circuit, and went through the sign twice more; the examiner, finally impelled to comment, was





surprised to hear that really experienced drivers "take no notice of those things. They'd never get anywhere." That record-sheet got a yellow tab, which means "Ought to be taken off the road." Unhappily the liaison between the I.A.M. and the judiciary is not yet close enough to make this more than an unimplemented recommendation. Another driver, told regretfully that he was not yet up to the Institute's standard, took it well. His remark, vouched for by the examiner concerned, yet seeming altogether too much like a bit of comic fiction, was simply: "I suppose it was when I hit that bus?"

Defeat is not often so stoically born. Though an occasional failed-I.A.M. writes in rationally enough, requesting a detailed report of his misdemeanours, with a view to improvement and a successful repeat test later, most of the Institute's incoming correspondence is incandescent with abuse, self-justification and hot-blooded onslaughts on the examiner's competence. There are many insults an Englishman will take lying down, but a suggestion that he can't handle a motor-car is not among them.

Of the candidate's ordeal at the wheel perhaps three experiences strike him as the most unnerving. First, to have a hand suddenly spread over his driving-mirror and to be asked what, at that moment, is behind him on the road; second, to be asked for a spoken

commentary on the way ahead, the possible hazards impending, and his plans to avoid them (boots visible under a stationary van, a child clearly living in the motorless world of Davy Crockett, municipal workmen who might or might not be about to lower a street lamp for cleaning—all are food for urgent speculation); and third, to catch from his eye-corner the pencil of his companion, ominously jotting. But, as it is comfortingly explained beforehand, good marks as well as bad are no doubt going down there. He is not expected to get one hundred per cent. Excessive signalling and hooting is frowned on, but less so than a failure to observe (within a mile or two per hour) the speed limits; road positioning to give maximum visibility on bends may be a trifle below required standards, but this

your driving licence and insurance certificate you can proudly add your diploma as a Member of the Institute of Advanced Motoring, suppressing, it is hoped, unworthy notions about how useful it is going to be next time your competence is called into question by a fellow road-user, with or without benefit of police participation. (A spokesman of the Institute, asked what their feelings would be in the case of an Advanced Driver's conviction for a motoring offence, replied at once and with confidence, "We don't think it will happen.") And to your car's accessories—which will *not* include souvenir stickers or back-window dolls on elastic—you can proudly add the I.A.M. badge. The only snag here is that a "slip-over" cover is provided to conceal it when the advanced driver hands over



"... asked for a spoken commentary."

is less serious than driving a yard behind a man who might drop a cigarette down his shirt and stand on everything. Reason governs all, and it is as undesirable, in the examiner's view, to cover the fixed circuit in much more as in much less than a reasonable time. Get on, but safely, is the maxim. But if, out of that eye-corner, you happen to see a "D" go on the record-sheet, you can quit as of then. One bit of dangerous driving and the day is lost.

There are now nine provincial testing centres besides that in London, so there is really no excuse for not finding out any time now just what a really splendid/terrible driver you are. Whichever it turns out to be—and if you are the sensible man you think you are—it can do you nothing but good.

And if you do come through gloriously it will all have been worth while. To

to his non-advanced wife; and it seems just possible that unless tact and courtesy of the highest order are exercised while this small adjustment is being made, the hoped-for slump in accident statistics may coincide with a steep climb in divorce figures.



Veteran Ladies

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

THE roads of England may be dangerous now, but worse dangers lurked, or were feared to lurk, for the woman driver at the beginning of the century: "If you are to drive alone in the highways and byways," wrote Miss Dorothy Levitt in 1902, "it is advisable to carry a small revolver. I have an automatic Colt and find it easy to handle as there is practically no recoil—a great consideration to a woman."

For other kinds of encounters Miss Levitt had other weapons in her armoury: "A little drawer beneath the seat is the secret of the dainty motoriste. In its recesses put clean gloves, veil, and handkerchief, powder-puff, pins, hairpins, and a hand-mirror. Some chocolates are very soothing sometimes." Another vanity mirror, for holding up to see vehicles approaching from the rear, was recommended; no driving mirrors then. And no wind-screens. Hoods were optional extras.

This dainty motoriste was no fair-weather amateur. She set up a woman's World Record of 91 m.p.h. in 1906, and was the first Englishwoman to enter for an official non-stop run. Leaving Glasgow at 3.30 a.m. in her 4-cylinder Gladiator, and arriving at Leeds in the evening, she started at five o'clock the next morning and drove non-stop to London. Her pleasure motoring was equally determined. For instance, there was a trip from London to Warwick for Sunday luncheon and back, 182 miles, with an official speed limit of 12 m.p.h.

A fine disregard for the arm of the law was then, as now, a characteristic tactic in the woman driver's game. If we are to believe "The Goddess in the Car," writer of the "Costumes and Chatter" column in *The Car* magazine,

Miss Levitt was twice convicted and fined for exceeding the "legal twelve" before she had been driving eight months. And well may we believe! . . . Miss Levitt herself, in her book *The Woman and the Car*, advised all motoristes to join the Automobile Association, since the A.A. scouts placed on the roads to warn motorists of police traps would, within a few months, save three or four times the two guineas annual subscription. The Duchesse d'Uzes, first *chauffeuse* in France, fined for furious driving in Paris in 1897, gave her impressions of motoring to a newspaper: "Delicious! At first it was the pace that pleased me, to pass quickly, quickly all other carriages sufficiently adroitly so as not to touch." On her less adroit days, one can imagine the Duchesse gaily crying "*Touche!*"

Road Goddess or Speed Hog, worshipped or upbraided, the early automobilistes were personalities: The Baroness Campbell de Laurentz, first British lady owner-driver, who drove her steam dog-cart with the groom in the tiger's seat; the Duchess of Sutherland, President of the Ladies' Automobile Club, *grande dame* of automobilism in England, frequently seen at the helm of her Mercedes; Miss Vera Butler, racing-motorist daughter of the celebrated racing balloonist; Mrs. George Thrupp, whose infant son had the first motoring christening; Mrs. Bazalgette driving in the 1,000-miles trial in 1900 . . . the names of these pioneers were as challenging as the names of their cars.

Formidable as they sound, their photographs show them adorable. Even Mrs. Coote, *en automobile* with the Rev. Coote, is quite a poppet in her sporting tweed cap, fashioned like a man's—a very county style of motoring millinery. But for a woman to extort unconditional adoration it was necessary then (as now, and always) to have an air of helplessness. For this we look to the French . . . we look through the *Histoire de la Locomotion Terrestre* . . . and in particular we look at one exquisite colour-print. Two ladies sit in a steam *voiture de luxe* of 1895, a horseless carriage similar in bodywork to the horse-drawn fiacres which still wait patiently at the Rond Point des Champs Elysées. There these charmers sit, in

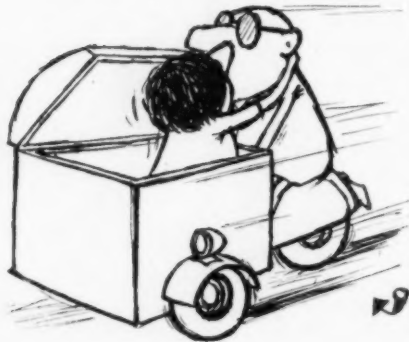
crisp shirt-blouses, ties and boaters; fit to kill—but not by speeding. Clearly the object of their outing is just to be seen in their chic new *teuf-teuf*—the onomatopœic pet-name the French gave their early motor-cars. To-day, the equivalent of the Veteran Car Club of Great Britain is named *Les Teuf-teuf*.

For *teuf-teufing* along in the clouds of white dust on country roads French dressmakers designed long white dust-coats to the ankle; for the head, white-veiled cages with square windows. Even the carriage dog is drawn dressed in goggles and dust-coat. In England the Claxton Mask Veil, with transparent, unbreakable facial screen, appeared.

Leather motoring knickers, man-tailored, with detachable flannel linings in various pleasing shades, were another motoring mode. These, met by knee-length leather leggings, were concealed by a skirt. Complete costumes of leather were hand-tailored: ground-length skirt, jacket with storm-front and patent windguard sleeves. Riding in, or more accurately on, a car without a windscreen, the most grave concern in wet weather was the pool of water that one sat in. Men drivers turned against leather—uncomfortable when wet, stiff when dried—preferring oil-skins.

Clothes have changed, cars have changed, and roads have changed; but the pursuit of happiness goes on. Half a century has made little difference to the pleasures of the rich and restless, to the conventional conception of having a good time. "Miss Levitt has a busy life," wrote Mondaine, another "Clothes and Chatter" columnist. "She is to be seen at Ascot, Goodwood, Cowes, at Henley, at Ranelagh. To-day she may be in London. Next week you may hear of her in France or Germany taking part in a motor competition."

Undoubtedly the Edwardian automobilistes, with their contempt for the "legal twelve," would have much in common, under their clothes, with the subject of a modern Mondaine's paragraph: "From the Riviera a friend informs me that Mlle. Françoise Sagan, the successful young novelist, likes to drive her powerful blue 'thunderbolt' with bare feet so as to feel in perfect harmony with the engine when it touches 200 kilos an hour."

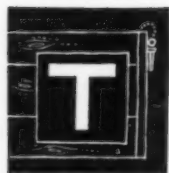




Punch Survey of the Motoring Industry

..smilby.

1. ANGLE OF PRODUCTION



THE motor industry, according to two of its most distinguished spokesmen, is "practically out on its feet" and "quietly confident." Equivocation of this sort does not help the layman or lay-byman who is genuinely anxious to get at the truth about the industry and its production problems, and for really hard facts it is necessary to delve into the suggestion box of the British Automobile Federation (B.A.F.) of Coventry, England.

I pick at random from the accumulated *seuillage* . . .

The first note is signed "Candidate for Redundancy" and runs: "The decision to run that road through those meadows at Oxford is a disgrace, and if this is what the internal combustion engine was invented for then I shall be happier out of the assembly line. I am redeploying myself as soon as possible in ceramics—an industry with a *clean* record."

"There are rumours in fitting-shop 308 2," writes "Disgusted," "that the designer of the new 'Ghostline' model has slipped up again. Shop steward Allison maintains that American orders have been cancelled because the 'Ghostline' is slung too low to clear the cats' eyes and parking studs fixed in U.S. roads. Remembering, as we do, how a similar mistake (traffickers so long that they inflicted wounds on rickshaw boys) cost us our trade in the East, we are naturally anxious. Wouldn't it be more sensible to leave design to the unions? After all, we are the people who have to drive the things."

"It has not escaped the notice of the

operators in the 'S'-type tractor plant," writes "Hammer and Cycle," "that the tea girl has recently been replaced by a coin-in-slot beverage dispenser machine manufactured in Chicago. We made our views on automation perfectly clear at the last departmental dinner and dance, and we regard this new development as the thin end of the wedge. Miss Ashford, though not a member of the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions, is one of us, and was active throughout the long stay-in strike of '52. Unless she is reinstated forthwith we shall be obliged to take action. Incidentally, we should esteem it a favour if you would install a couple of the above-mentioned dispenser machines in the works' football club pavilion."

A note from "Harry R. Snyder (SNYDE)" reads: "I have been working in the 'Folksicar' castings shed for

two years. I have always done my level best, suffering as a result three longish spells in Coventry. The other day, while picnicking, I overheard a 'Folksicar' owner say to his friend 'It's a honey—safe and snug in any weather, with bigger-car elbow-room and go-touring boot. It's sporty too—deep-cushioned and sleek. And, boy, that Extramatic Drive!' My ears really burned when I heard this unsolicited testimonial to our joint labours. I was very proud indeed to be associated with the famous 'Folksicar,' and I thought you'd like to know.

"I work in FC Shop at bench 117, just to the left as you go in from the toilets, and if I can be of further service in any capacity, nothing, etc., would please me more. My check number, just in case you forget the name *Snyde*, is TP10863."

"My son, who collects car registration



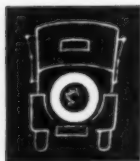
numbers," writes Operative Pawlson, "is always badgering me to let him have the Nos. of our 'New Era' 990 models, and as a responsible parent I naturally try to help. The snag is that the 990s roll off at a smart lick and I am pretty slow at handwriting, so my work tends to suffer. Could you arrange to let the office supply me with a printed list of the Nos? I am sure that my

additional productivity would amply repay the small expenditure of clerical effort. P.S.—I realize, of course, that I could fake the Nos., but I don't want to deceive the boy unless as a last resort."

"At a reasonable estimate I should say that thousands of man-hours are lost every day in K shop through men dabbling whitewash on car windows and

then wiping it off again. This is an example of industrial inertia, the foreman having previously been employed in the building industry where, I understand, the practice is common. If instructions were given that all windows were to be kept down until the final check-out this senseless waste could be avoided. Sam Perlmutter, Jun."

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



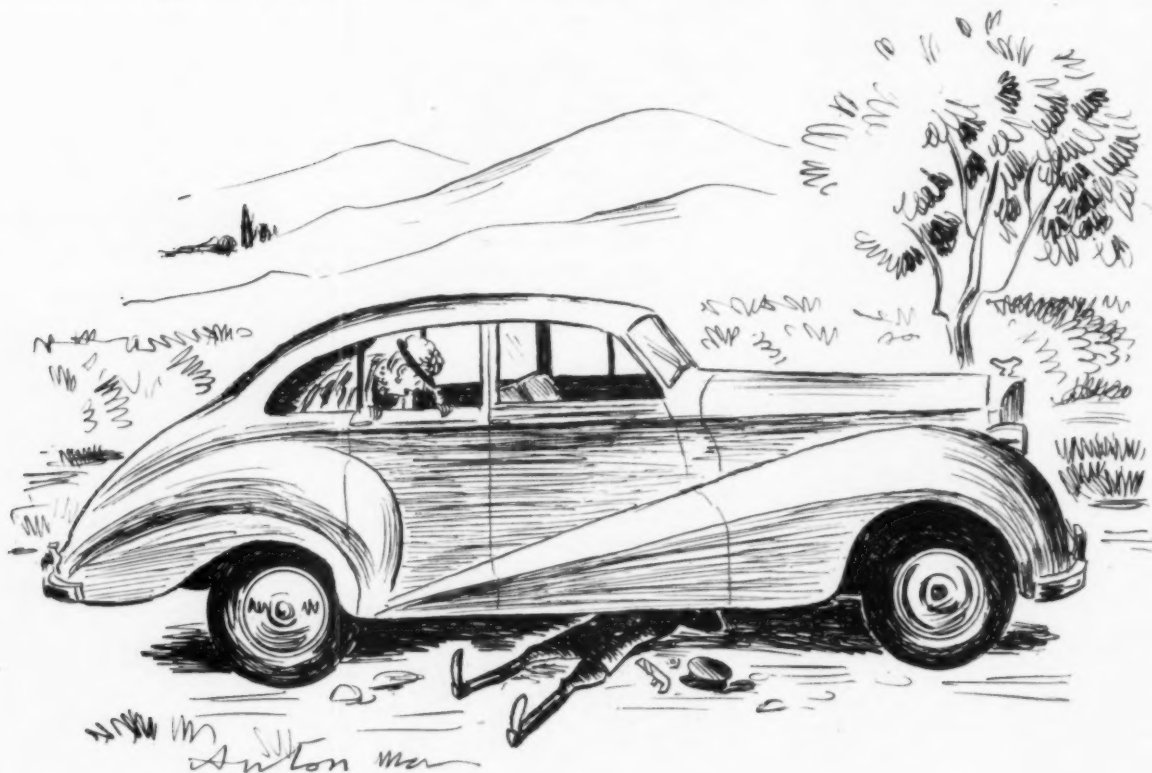
ONLY a very small section of the community, in such a matter as this, is even potentially advice-prone. The young will not listen, and may go to the devil in their own knowledgeable way. The old are obstinate and unenterprising and, until death closes the account, will go on buying the latest model of the make that gave them so much satisfaction in 1912. The rich can afford to make mistakes, for they can always give the

2. BUYING A CAR

results to their wives and buy another. The poor buy second-hand cars, and need luck rather than guidance. There remains a sturdy set of middle-aged men of rather less than moderate means, who have not had a new car since the war and are now, under the threat of compulsory inspection, thinking of getting one. Their minds are open. Their particular make of car has been so radically re-designed, melted down, rolled out like pastry, and rounded off at both ends with skirts down the sides,

that neither sentiment nor reason inclines them to go back to the same shop. The whole bewildering range of modern moderately-priced cars lies before them, in all its practically indistinguishable variety. It is to this deserving class that I address myself.

The engine is neither here nor there. All present-day car engines are so smooth, powerful and flexible, that satisfaction, even delight, can be guaranteed in advance, whatever the make. It is a waste of time to bother with this



"Open the door for me, Stanbrook—perhaps I can help."



feature. The salesman, however, expects the customer to glance at it, and will raise a lid for the purpose—either at the front or the back of the car according to his recollection of where the engine is in that particular model. If he raises the wrong lid, and begins to comment on the roominess of the luggage-space, it is of no consequence. The point to notice is the ease with which the lid comes up. There is none of that struggle to overcome the inertia of heavy metal to which the customer has become inured when opening the boot or lifting the flaps of his bonnet. The lid, immediately the catch is released, seems to *float* up, after the manner of a bridal veil at St. Margaret's. Moreover, and perhaps even more oddly, a certain pressure is necessary to shut it again. The customer will be well advised to examine the reasons for this peculiarity.

The explanation is, at first sight, simple. An arrangement of springs and linkages, visibly connecting frame and lid, causes the latter to rise when released; and, *per contra*, calls for a slight downward pressure to compress

the springs when the lid is shut. Good. A palpable advance. Yet, if the customer takes a portion of the lid between finger and thumb (which will all but meet), he can hardly help asking himself why no such labour-saving convenience was provided when lids really took some lifting, and has only now been devised when a child could obviously handle them. The suspicion is bound to cross his mind that the manufacturers have been mainly concerned to disguise the fact that considerable areas of their cars (a) can be lifted with ease with one finger, and (b) would not fall under their own weight unless the hinges had been very recently oiled. The suspicion may be unjust, but it is worth entertaining. The buyer will inevitably find himself borne down and overwhelmed by the salesman's talk, unless he keeps constantly in mind the possibility that what is represented as a big step forward in design is really the manufacturer covering up.

The lifting of the lids has brought us face to face with the basic defect of modern cars, from the point of view of

the pre-war owner, their *tinniness*. It is necessary to be realistic about this. If they were less tinny, if they were made of solid lumps of metal bolted together in the old way and fitted to a rigid chassis, instead of being welded together more or less in one piece out of thin sheets, they would cost about twice as much and their performance would be much less lively. Their power-weight ratio, as we say, would be affected. Nor is thinness necessarily incompatible with strength. A spider's web is immensely strong and, if poked with the forefinger, will spring back into shape immediately the pressure is removed. Try the same test on a 1957 model and in all probability it will prove equally resilient. If it doesn't you can safely reject it. The point to bear constantly in mind is that tinniness has come to stay and there is nothing to be done about it. All you *can* do is try to discover which manufacturer has learnt to handle the new materials most adroitly. Has he, for instance, secured the few parts that cannot be welded together in such a way that they remain

at rest when not required to be in motion? (For a simple test of this, slam the driver's door and see whether the glove-compartment door opposite the passenger's seat flies open.) If all four doors are shut simultaneously, does the roof bulge upwards? (If it doesn't, the draught-proofing is inefficient.) And so on.

Given two cars whose bodywork appears equally admirable, the decision must be made on other grounds. It may be essential actually to enter the car and see whether there is room for the driver to sit upright with his hat on. Is there some place where a milk bottle can be balanced, for picnics? What about parcels? These are not minor

points. Cars are offered for sale to-day with so much room in front that there is not even a side-pocket for maps.

As a last resort you can stand well back, look at the vehicle's lines, and ask yourself "Is this a car that I shall be proud to own?" The answer, so infinitely adaptable is the human ego, is—once it is yours—yes.

H. F. ELLIS

3. SELLING A CAR

To Whom?



It probably won't occur to you until you want to sell it that your car has much in common with a horse, but it has, and nobody is going to bring this home more curtly than a dealer.

The most fleeting inspection will satisfy him to begin with that it's older than you thought, and he will make no secret of his belief that you stole it from a tinker. Moreover, it won't budge for him—and if it does he'll rampage round the neighbourhood in it, waiting for something to break. Whatever breaks will happen to be vital. Incurable ailments will presently reveal themselves as he crawls all over it equipped

with a hammer to break off any bits that have gone rotten, and he will be darkly triumphant, because life has taught him, as it has taught the horse-dealer, that the man who wants to sell must be a blackguard. "Give you fifty nicker and we'll say no more about it," he will croak, and you'll feel suddenly guilty, and before you can say No, two of his cronies with no ties will have lugged it into his greasy shed and got the sump half off.

If you were to take a brand new glistening export model straight out of the factory, and drive it, very slowly, to a dealer's yard a hundred yards down the road, he would laugh in your face. "You kiddin'?" he would say. "Some-one's been keepin' hens in this!" He

would then beat a hole through the mudguard with his fist and offer you a two-stroke motor-bike and sidecar in exchange, with a carbide headlamp thrown in.

No. Avoid the dealer. The buyer you want is the quiet little churchgoing chap in the country whose wife can't get about much in the winter. He's never had a car, but he's taking lessons, and he's become so drunk with the smell of hot oil and leatherette upholstery that he apologizes for his near offer being only five pounds more than the price you put in the paper. Cherish him. They're snapped up pretty quickly nowadays.

Why?

It should be clear by now that you'll have to be

cautious about the reason you give for selling the car at all. For instance, if you can satisfactorily explain to your client how on earth anyone could bear to part with it if it were half as desirable as you keep on saying it is, you're out of the amateur class already. The stark truth is, of course, that you simply can't afford to run the damn thing any more because your expense account has been gone into and now only has to do with expenses—but you can hardly blurt that out to a man who's tossing up whether to buy it to save train fares or go and make a new life for himself in Australia, can you? What you have to do is concoct a story. It should be tinged with sadness, and references to a bed-ridden, titled relative, an unexpected journey to the Solomons, a skilled mechanic, a melancholy passing, an uncle in the Diplomatic Service, and a faithful chauffeur's unfortunate lapse, will be invaluable. If you can stir these ingredients into a narrative, with the car as a sort of wistful focal point, the transaction should go through without a hitch, in an atmosphere of mellow dignity.

How?

Some cars bear examination, but let us suppose that you're getting rid of yours because things go clank inside it and water will not stay in the radiator for more than five minutes at a time. The thing to do here is to flatter your client by treating him as though he were as sophisticated, humorous and sensibly casual as you're pretending to be yourself. Point out each defect with an affectionate chuckle, at the same time taking care to give the impression that you're trying hard not to boast. Referring to the pathetic jumble of machinery as "she" will help this manoeuvre enormously. "She's inclined to be a bit temperamental, bless her,"



"You are a member, I take it, sir?"

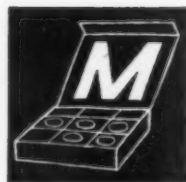
you can say, as the starter-button falls into his turn-up. Or "She has a will of her own sometimes, which makes life interesting," as the gear lever flies up into reverse at the foot of a hill. With a little practice on these lines, and some finesse in choosing your fool, you should be able to pass off mechanical deficiency as charm, structural decrepitude as the picturesque, and ten miles to the gallon on long runs as aristocratically diverting. That, at all events, is how I got my car. It is an original 7 h.p.

Finally, some useful phrases, with translations, arranged for easy reference:

Useful Phrase	The Truth
Immaculate condition.	Recently painted with stove enamel.
Taxed and insured to end of year.	An absolute dead loss.
Vintage.	Can't get spares for love or money.
Must sell.	Must sell.
Heater, radio, defroster.	Big-end due to go again at any minute.
Any trial.	Will just about get you round the block.
	ALEX ATKINSON



4. CARE AND MAINTENANCE



ENS sana in corpore sano is as desirable in cars as in people. From this week's crop of new accessories I select below those designed to achieve this end.

No More Ugly Thumb-prints.

Remarkably cheap, at 12s. the set, are the "Switchcaps" of Torry and Loom. These tiny, elasticized caps, fitted over your instrumental panel buttons, give a non-slip grip which makes for safer driving and at the same time obviates those smeary effects caused by hot fingers. In all colours and tartan, or special orders to match your upholstery.

Sky Raiders. Nuisance from birds has long baffled Mr. Carproud, mainly because fouling often occurs unnoticed, and only at the journey's end does he see what has been an offence to other motorists for possibly hundreds of miles. A daily waxing with Josling's "Antibird" sensitizes your coachwork overall, and sets off a reporting mechanism inside the car on the mine-detector principle. The warning can take the form of a high intermittent oscillation or, for the humorously inclined, and at slight extra charge, an actual bird-call. The unit sells at £4 15s., tins of wax at 17s. 6d., and £1 5s.

Muff Trouble. Nothing impairs 100 per cent smartness like a radiator-muff beginning to rub thin, fray or give at the seams—but there is no longer any need to get to work with the old-fashioned glue-pot or needle and thread. Bradsby's "Muffix," painted on the injured parts, renders them good as new.

In handsome chrome dispensers, 4s. 6d., 7s.

Lopsided Licences. How many licence frames do you see holding the licence vertical, i.e. so that the written particulars of the car are parallel with the floorboards? Have you taken a protractor to yours lately? Brutleigh's "Policeman's Friend" holder is magnetized to 12 o'clock, and is used in conjunction with a bevelled steel lozenge fixed above it in the windshield bezel. The correct position is thus assured. Price, £2. With it comes a tube of special fixative, its adhesion content scientifically balanced to prevent the holder's being drawn up the shield to the lozenge. (5s., 7s. 6d.)

For Beauty, Hygiene and Efficiency, try the new Apfelbaum Accessories "Gritoscope." National Physical Laboratory-approved, the instrument fits neatly into the waistcoat pocket and can be adjusted to detect anything from a boot full of gravel to tiny, dangerous particles in valve caps. £1 1s., or £1 11s. 6d., with pocket clip.

Worn Carpets. Unsightly patches of wear in your floor-coverings can be avoided by fitting a Progback and Hitch "Turnabout." Fitted in tar- and flint-proof casing under the chassis this is a simple time-clock mechanism which automatically turns your carpets through 45 degrees at pre-set intervals, ensuring even wear and longer life. Price is only £12 12s. Extra, at £7 7s., is a loud-speaker unit with a recorded warning to passengers, "Lift Your Feet Please."

Pure Water System. Some, though still not enough, motorists sample their radiator water fairly regularly, but so far this has involved tasting it to detect rust

or brackishness. Bitchley's of Banbury now market the "Rustractor," which comprises a simple dipstick type corrosion-gauge and a suction unit to withdraw rust particles, metal flakes, pond-life, etc. Can also be used for taking specimens of tyre-wind and upholstery fluff. £6 16s. 6d. in transparent plumothene case.

Clean Up Aloft. Those very popular roof luggage-racks are great dust-traps, and fiddling things to wash and polish. Hobbold's are marketing a rack of porous, hollow tubing. The rush of air drives dust particles inside the tubes, leaving the outside bright and lustrous. Periodically, the accumulation can be expelled with a foot-pump. £6.

"Midgeometer." Unsightly moths and insects crushed on your head- or spot-lamps can now be removed without leaving the driving-seat. This valuable accessory (Binch and Gow, Slough) is simple to fit and cheap at £9 14s. 9d. It shows a blue warning light on the dash when more than five moths or fifty flies have collected, and the touch of a button squirts them off with surgical spirit. One canister of spirit is claimed to remove 20,000,000 flies!

To Keep Your Gadgets Together. More and more winter accessories are dismantlable during the summer months and vice versa; and there are others which may be wanted suddenly but cannot conveniently be carried in the car. Torry and Loom now make a useful fitted "Trailette," a one-wheel trailer, in a finish to match your car, with compartments to hold all your gadgets, and any you may buy on the way. Price £25 (number-plate and "T" plate extra). J. B. BOOTHROYD

An Introduction to Auto-Logic

By NICHOLAS HUDSON

(From a paper read to a joint meeting of the Royal Automobile Club and the Aristotelian Society)

SIR BERNARD, GENTLEMEN,—
The excellent work of Frege, Russell and others in the field of mathematical logic is well known to at least half of you. Yet its full potentialities have never been explored.

I wish to consider this evening some of the problems of motoring in Yugoslavia, for it is my contention that this exasperating and dangerous pursuit can be codified into simplicity by the application of formal logic. And while indebted to my predecessors for their brave pioneer work, I would with all humility claim that the powerful girders

of the syllogistic superstructure are entirely my own.

We must first rid our minds of dangerous preconceptions. The English motorist, faced with an apparent impasse, forgets Moore. Braking hard, he declares blithely "*Esse is percipi*," and argues:

(a) All roads are surfaced.

(b) This entity is not surfaced.

Conclusion: This entity is a not-road.

Or alternatively

(a) A railway is a not-road.

(b) This entity is clearly a disused branch line.

Conclusion: This entity is a not-road. In both these cases the first, or major, premiss does not obtain in Yugoslavia.

We require, then, an argument suited to local conditions.

The following will be found to be of immense value:

(a) A motor omnibus is a road vehicle.

(b) We have just been passed by a motor omnibus.

Conclusion: We are on a road.

Or the negative form

(a) A mule track is a not-road.

(b) This entity is 1 ft. 6 in. wide between high rocks.

Conclusion: This entity is a not-road.

It is as well to remember that no reliance should be placed on outside evidence. Consider, for example, the dilemma:

(1) This excellent Swiss map marks a road from A to B. But

(2) This 20-year-old shepherd denies the existence of such a road.

Solution: The road was washed away in 1935.

Beware of the inconclusive major premiss. In the case:

(a) A river-bed is not necessarily a not-road. If

(b¹) This river-bed is about to enter a culvert, then

Conclusion¹: This river-bed is a not-road.

If, however,

(b²) There is a broken axle under that rock, then

Conclusion²: This river-bed is used as a road.

Once having ascertained that the entity along which one is travelling is a road, there are many methods of proving that it is a main road. For example:

(a) Only main roads are ever repaired.

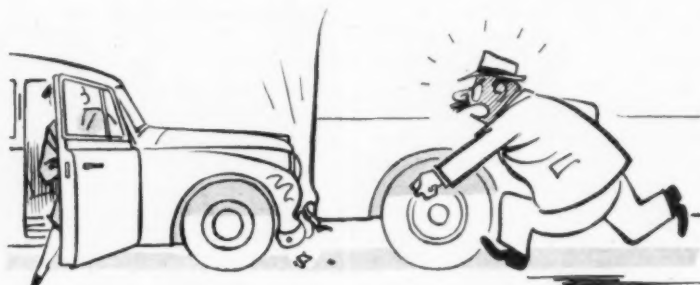
(b) Somebody, now absent, has dug up this road preparatory to repairing it.

Conclusion: This road is a main road. Having reached this conclusion it is a simple step to the Navigational Syllogism:

(a) We are looking for a main road.

(b) There is no other main road for eighty-five miles.

Conclusion: This main road must be the main road for which we are looking.





Let it seem, however, that I am oversimplifying the problems, and avoiding the many dilemmas, paradoxes and anomalies which have baffled my predecessors, I will quote a selection, all previously believed inexplicable, none of which has even been considered by Russell or Strawson:

Dilemma:

- (1) The road we have just covered was a main road. But
- (2) The entity ahead appears to be a non-road.

We asserted (v. supra) that "all surfaced roads are main roads"; but who would dare assert the converse? Yet this is the very assumption which causes the Dilemma. It is really quite simple:

Solution: We are passing from one five-year-plan to the next.

Paradox: On our arrival at a village a peasant says "There is *no* road to this village." (cf. the paradox of the liar.) This does not, as Russell would doubtless have it, involve the hierarchy of languages. It is merely an example of the Incredible Present, and may be interpreted "Until your car drove up we didn't think we had a road."

Dilemma:

- (1) One half of the road ahead is blocked by a bullock cart, whose driver is asleep. But
- (2) A horse and cart, whose driver is also asleep, is attempting to pass it on the other half of the road.

Solution: Stop for lunch.

Anomaly:

- (1) The main square of Kumanova is full of boot-blacks. Yet
- (2) The citizens of Kumanova have no boots.

Explanation: The boot-blacks are subsidized by the Government.

Can you require any further proof of the efficacy of the system? When you gasped at the brilliance of my solutions, conclusions and explanations you afforded better evidence than any words of mine in support of my modest claims. The system, which can be adapted to embrace every aspect of our life, has been published in a pamphlet entitled "Formal Logic Cuts the Costs." This pamphlet, which includes a gracious foreword from Sir Bernard himself, is available at the back of the hall, price two guineas.

Good evening.

Solution

"HOW," says the Minister, "are we to lighten the traffic load?" He feels the reply to his question Doesn't lie in the old suggestion That a rather narrower car Is as good as a wider road.

"More miles to the gallon and hour," Say the drivers, "are what we need." It is hardly even worth while To point out that a shorter mile Is as good as a surge of power For cheaper, and safer, speed.

These roads, there's one way to relieve them:

Let the New Year Honour's List Dish out motoring licences Instead of those M.B.E.s. Not many of us would receive them; Would the rest of us really be missed?

And who'd pour cold water upon a, For once, really practical Honour?

PETER DICKINSON





One Clear Call for Me

By TOM GIRTIN

FOR the last few weeks each rattle of the letter-box, every ring of the telephone, has fetched me at the double, my face flushed with eager anticipation like a young girl vainly waiting for her demon lover. The trouble is that I don't know what I can have done—unless perhaps I played "hard-to-get" once too often—to offend the War Office.

The last time there was any international trouble they wrote to me at once. The letter was most flattering, couched in the warmest terms and signed by a Major-General. I might be wondering, he said, why I had been called upon when so many of my friends and neighbours, even though they were younger than I was, had, not been similarly selected. The fact was, the General confided, they particularly wanted us older men, men with highly specialized experience, men who would provide a solid back-bone of skill and determination. I was therefore requested to report on August Bank Holiday to 572 (Mixed) Statistical Survey Unit at Bottom o' the Moor, Near Mumps, Lancs. Even when I re-read the letter and noticed that the greater part of it was cunningly printed in facsimile typescript with a lithographed signature the edge was scarcely taken off my pride at getting it. I sat down and answered it right away in terms that were hardly less warm than the General's. I told him how flattered I was. In six years of total war, during a large part of which we stood alone, I had acquired—and I was happy that it had not gone unnoticed—a certain amount of experience. I had even retained my pamphlet, issued to me at Shrivenham, on the "Fighting Soldier" with its realistic instructions "If you scrounge go far a-field. Do not get caught, and make sure your own gear does not vanish." So of

course I could understand why he should have selected me. I did, however, wonder whether, in the excitement at the thought of our forthcoming reunion, he might possibly have made one trifling mistake. I had never served in any such unit: I thought it might be just possible that some underling had confused me with someone whose name was spelt the same way as mine had been misspelt...

A whole week dragged by before another buff envelope tumbled through the letter-box. I was sorry to see that, although it was personally typed, it was signed by a mere Captain and was considerably less cordial in tone. There was, he told me, no mistake. I was down in the records as having served with a (Mixed) Statistical Survey Unit and I must report to Bottom o' the Moor on August Bank Holiday with a medical certificate which was obtainable at Millbank between the hours of 10.00-12.00 (ex. Sats.).

I must say that the tone of this letter, coming so soon after my cordial exchange, nettled me. Now that he mentioned it I recollected that I had, in fact, been attached as Anti-Aircraft Adviser to some such unit for forty-eight hours while the Incidence of Chilblains in Female Auxiliaries in Detached Sites was being investigated. It was clearly no use splitting hairs: I answered the Captain, with a coldness that I hoped matched his own, that I was running a one-man licensed victualling business in which I was proprietor, manager, barman, potman, cellarman, car-park attendant and lavatory-man. Of all the year August Bank Holiday was the busiest day, the day on which it was impossible to get relief staff, and since in the House of Commons all civilian soldiers had been promised the choice of three alternative dates I should be glad



to learn which were the ones from which I might make my decision.

For some reason—perhaps it was the mention of Parliament—this letter seemed to infuriate the Captain. By return of post I got a letter couched in the brusque terms: the training schedules and the strategic importance of (Mixed) Statistical Survey Units were such that there could be no alternative dates for me.

In that case, I replied, I would be obliged if he would send me the necessary forms—or proforma, as I had no doubt he called them—to appeal against the date of call-up.

"It is unnecessary to expedite your reply," I added, for I was still ready to be helpful, "as I shall be abroad for about a month."

When I got back from my holiday there was still no reply from the Captain, but the following day a police constable called at the "Black Dog."

"You are Mr. Thomas Girtin?" he asked, although I saw him at least once a week.

"Apply the derbies." I held out my wrists co-operatively. "I realize that you are doing no more than your duty."

He smiled uneasily. "About this claim for exemption," he began. "Surely you just been away on a month's leaf, you can go to camp a coupla weeks?"

"Of course I can."

"Well then."

"But not on August Bank Holiday."

"You mean you not claiming exemption?"

"Certainly not. I want to draw the tax-free bounty. But not on—"

"Hm! I see. Fair e-nough!" He unbuttoned his breast pocket and wrote it all down, laboriously, in long-hand.

The next day my old enemy the Inspector arrived in a police car with a driver and a couple of men lurking in the back with ear-phones.

"About your claim for exemption from the call-up."

"What claim would that be?"

He ignored this. "Am I right in

thinking you have just been for four or five weeks on the Continent?" He managed to make it sound rather decadent. "I mean surely if you can spend all that time *abroad* you can spare your country a fortnight."

"Of course I can—but not on August Bank Holiday."

"Then you don't expect to be totally exempted?"

"Of course not."

He wrote it all down.

"That seems reasonable enough," he said grudgingly, "and I can tell them you don't claim exemption."

A fortnight later a letter came from the original Major-General. It was in facsimile but it lacked the warm friendliness of his first letter. It just said, in quite formal language, that my claim for exemption had been granted.

Pedestrians will be Prosecuted

LOS ANGELES

WALKING is an unAmerican activity. I have just been stopped by the police for it in Beverly Hills. This is but the deviationist's lot, the inevitable climax of a journey fraught with guilt.

From East to West I have been aware of the breath of suspicion, strolling, as I have done, along roads (for America has no footpaths) to stretch the legs, or to take the air, or to visit places of interest. Cars by the hundred would overtake me, driving me on to the dusty, gravelly verge (for America has no ditches). The well-groomed ladies, at their wheels, would regard me, as a Brahmin regards a sweeper or the

Victorian dowager a tramp, with indifferent disdain; their well-shaven children, bouncing around in the back among the family clothes-hangers, with shocked surprise.

Only twice did a solitary gentleman, unAmerican and unsurprised, give me an unwanted lift. The first, in New Mexico, was an Indian (Red), stout in a turquoise-blue station-wagon on the way to his *pueblo*: he had married an English girl, he remarked, but she had gone home, not caring for *pueblo* life. The second, in Colorado, was a Texan, lean in a scarlet-and-white convertible on the way to a Rodeo.

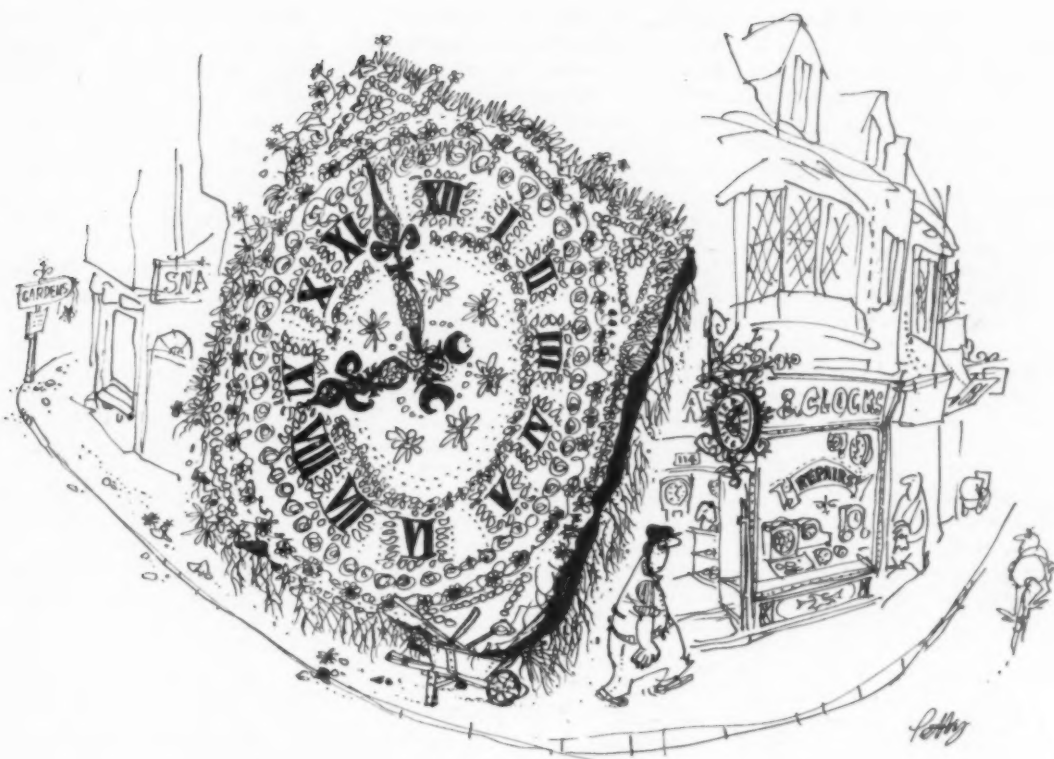
Finally arriving, the sole passenger in a bus, at the Mesa Verde National Park,

I looked forward to walking for a while in the wide open spaces of the land of the free. At the camp amid the spruce trees, where the well-groomed families had stepped from their luxury cars into luxury cabins, I awaited my turn next day for breakfast, obeying the orders of a lady with the severity of a governess; then enrolled in a squad which, under the command of a ranger, marched off to inspect some Indian cliff dwellings, the ranger lecturing at some length on their origins (Basket Maker Period, Modified Basket Maker Period, Development Pueblo Period, and so forth). Surreptitiously, guiltily, I deserted from his ranks, cutting the lecture, stealing away down the trail, beyond a rough wooden barrier and down into a canyon, where only ravens quothed, and deer regarded me with shocked surprise, and the trail showed no trace of the footprints of man, but only of horses.

Walking out and back along it in unAmerican solitude, I returned, after two or three hours, to the camp. The governess barred me from lunch, because it was after 1.30, and asked me severely where I had been. The lady at the desk said sharply that she had been searching for me all over the roads. The rangers had been alerted. Had I not read the notice: "Most trail trips require strenuous exertion, and because of the danger of getting lost, hikers must obtain maps and a *permit* before leaving the headquarters area"?

I was sorry. I had not. But luckily no harm had come of it. The exertion had not been too strenuous. It was not easy to get lost on a trail. The two ladies gave me that Brahmin look. The one at the desk inquired briskly when I was leaving. Discouraged, I took a





bus to the Grand Canyon, Arizona. Here surely, in this land of the pioneers, the rugged individualists of the farthest frontier, I could take some exercise undetected, or at least undisturbed.

Taking no chances I called on a ranger. What, I asked him, was the best way of walking down into the Canyon? He gave me The Look. "There is *no* good way," he replied sternly, "of walking down into the Canyon." Then, shrugging his shoulders at my persistence, he gave me a sheaf of instructions "to hikers"—a species, it seemed, of a helot status, subordinated not merely to man but to beast. "Hikers," I read, "must give way to mules on the Canyon trails. When approaching an animal train, stand quietly on the outside of the trail, preferably off the trail, until the train has passed."

Contradictorily, "Stay on the trail," I read further. "Do not take short cuts . . . When in doubt do not try to cross a stream." Solemnly I was warned that there are neither garbage cans nor toilets in the wilderness. ("Bring your trash back with you to civilization . . .

Do not *ever, ever* throw refuse of any sort over the Canyon to hide it.") More encouragingly: "You need have no fear of wild animals—their noises, so apparent at night, are not made for your benefit and fear, but only from their own ways of existence."

Lest they have to be dragged out of the Canyon in a state of exhaustion, hikers are instructed to carry not merely a canteen of water but a packet of salt tablets to counteract the effects of drinking too much of it. No water addict by American standards, equipped with it nevertheless (un-iced), but dispensing with the salt, taking care before starting to sign the Hikers' Register, I set out to walk down as though into the centre of the earth, in fact down to what once was the bottom of the sea, down into the deep open spaces where rocks are rocks and mules are mules and a man alone is of little account.

Two hours down, at the Indian Gardens, there was water—also garbage cans, with deer eating out of them. Four hours down there was a public

telephone. Right down at the bottom was the Phantom Ranch, with a swimming-pool. Here I requested accommodation. The proprietor, a lean pale man dressed as a chef, gave me The Look, from head to foot, with special emphasis on foot.

"No, *sir*," he replied. "I've been told nothing about you. Nobody 'phoned."

Eventually, reluctantly, after a long interrogation and a stern reproof he allowed me a bed and a meal in the kitchen—the dining-room being occupied by horsemen. The price would be £3 10s. payable in advance. Moreover, this being the hottest place on earth, he strongly urged upon me the hire of a mule, for £7, to take me up out of it next day.

Politely I declined. The place was not so hot. Not so hot, I added airily, as the Dead Sea, for instance. Had he ever been to Sodom—or for that matter to Gomorrah? A group of cow-punchers—or mule-punchers, or tourist-punchers—with expressionless faces and ten-gallon hats, surveyed me with silent

disapproval. Next morning—standing reverently, unobtrusively, off the trail to allow the mules to pass—I crept up out of the Canyon and away, confessing to none what I had done.

And so to Los Angeles. Los Angeles is a city whose streets are each some ten to twenty miles in length. It is a city of four million people and two million motor cars—not one of which belongs to me. The taxis are at present on strike, a matter of indifference, it seems to all but myself—and perhaps to some taxi-drivers (the one, for instance, who told me that at present he had only one car in the family, so was obliged to take a taxi when his wife was using it for shopping).

My "local" is three-quarters of an hour's walk away; to go by bus downtown takes me as long as from London to Brighton. Buses in general run every twenty minutes or so, but sometimes it is necessary to wait rather a long time for them. (Most of them advertise

Funerals on Credit, for as little as £1 a week.) Their drivers treat the infrequent passengers—a few negroes, children, widows and visitors—with the monosyllabic scorn due to the underprivileged.

Last night, coming home from a visit to Santa Monica beach, I walked for half an hour, waited for a bus for half an hour, travelled in it for half an hour, waited for a connecting bus for half an hour, and started to walk the last half-hour home along the elegant, shaded, flowered boulevard, the Park Lane, as it were, which fringes the stately homes of Beverly Hills.

A police car drew up beside me. A policeman signalled to me to stop. He demanded my papers, scrutinized them closely, interrogated me in detail as to my origins, my address, my business, my movements throughout the evening. What had I in that bag, he sharply inquired? I opened it, to reveal my bathing trunks, my towel, a copy of *Time* magazine. What had I in my

wallet? I opened it. He looked disappointed. There was more than the minimum £5 which to the law spells vagrancy.

"You still have some money."

"Some."

"Why then are you walking?"

"The taxis are on strike. The last bus seems to have gone. It is a fine night."

"It is most unusual," he continued, "to be walking alone, along here, at this hour of the night."

"At 11.30 p.m.? On a main thoroughfare? Not where I come from."

Reluctant and unconvinced, he wrote at length in his notebook, then let me go.

"We shall be seeing you again," were his parting words.

Guiltily I now await his call. A friend told me "The authorities here like people to have cars."

Doubtless I shall be obliged to accept man's common penalty—a life sentence on wheels.



"I can't think why you don't wear contact lenses."

Modern Marvells

"... there have been clear signs that a new literary movement is under way . . . The trend of the movement is strongly away from metropolitan London; its main magazine, *Listen*, is edited in Hull . . ."—*Radio Times*

THE forward youth that would appear

In print must choose for his career
To dwell in Hull or Goole,
Or Leeds or Liverpool.

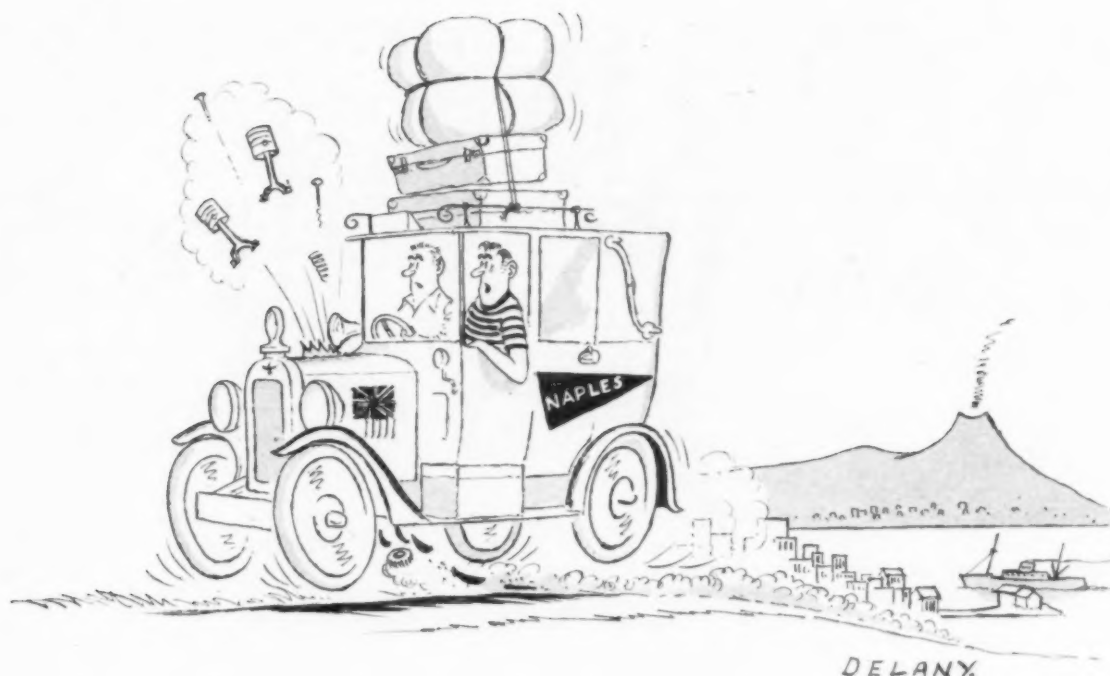
No longer can he live at all
Or in, or on his capital,
But must endure the grim
Ethos of *Lucky Jim*;

And oft forsake his books to dust
Or scour th' unused saucepan's rust,
Removing from the floor
Stains of the night before;

And nothing common write, or mean,
Upon the washing-up machine,
But ever keep an eye
On nappies where they dry;

Nor call the gods, in vulgar spite,
To vindicate the poets' right,
But meekly bow his head
And go and make the bed.

E. V. MILNER



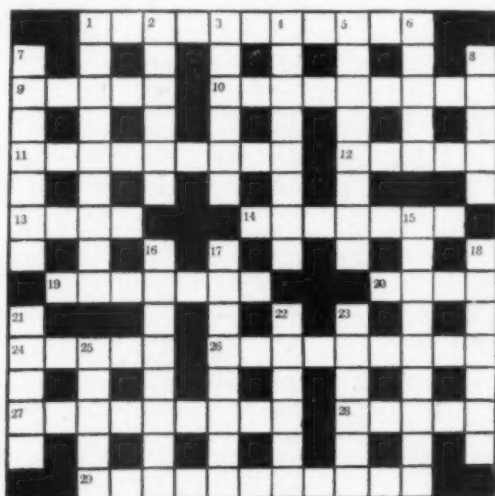
DELANY

Motoring Crossword : 12 h.p.

Answers to clues in italics have a standard fitting

ACROSS

1. *Ice rust a car? Yes, into ridiculous distortions.* (11)
9. *Some outlandish American has wrecked the bicar.* (5)
10. By-pass caravanserai. (4,5)
11. Motorist's sixth pillar of wisdom. (4, 5)
12. Dual carriageway walker. (5)
13. E.g. The Trojan Horsepower. (4)



14. *One vehicle after another; that's a familiar sight on the road.* (7)
19. Islands including one popular with motor-cyclists. (7)
20. A Handley Page that has been turned. (4)
24. *Shouldn't be too big for your boots.* (5)
26. 51 car hogs, unfortunately, can dominate the majority. (9)
27. *The loving touch of the good driver on the wheel.* (9)
28. Long for the sea in summer. (5)
29. *Songs to increase the speed of revolution.* (11)

DOWN

1. *Shopkeepers? No, we're this now in flowery language.* (9)
2. Such a tyre will not have a single burst. (6)
3. *Maintenance doubles the span of the first half.* (6)
4. A verdant wilderness seems an unlikely setting for this utility vehicle. (5, 3)
5. No wonder the tramp got into the papers if he had this one for the road. (8)
6. Novice driver in a sticky place finds it depressing. (5)
7. Way down south the baby car's in the red. (7)
8. This is a must when the driver's a devil. (5)
15. Roadmasters? (9)
16. *Such a reveller contributes nothing to the make-up of a motorist.* (8)
17. *A clarion out of tune—that's a fine state to be in.* (8)
18. *Where the motorist can pick up a bargain—that's clear as mud.* (3, 4)
21. The tyro has left the abbey defiantly. (5)
22. She's straight off the assembly lines, almost fit for driving. (6)
23. *A combination that holds a lot.* (6)
25. Can you see it in the mirror? I can although it's dewy. (5)

Solution next week

SURSUM

KORDA



THE cinema vans were well in evidence, and by Thursday morning everyone—even Miss Hornsby Smith—had arrived safely at Llandudno, and Llandudno, with the high hills standing up around it and a gentle October sun shining down on a smooth glass sea, with the whirr of photography along the pier and the banners telling the world that “the Conservatives will go straight ahead,” was at any rate a much better place to arrive at than Blackpool. (“I would as soon take advice from my valet as from a Conservative annual conference,” said Arthur Balfour some fifty years ago, but in these days, when so many Cabinet Ministers cannot afford valets, they have to do the best that they can with a conference.)

Mr. Nutting kicked off on Suez. The resolution in its first paragraph congratulated the Government on its “resolute” policy, and in its second paragraph said what swabs the Socialists are. (A curious misprint here in the agenda. Surely “resolute” should have read “irresolute.”) The second paragraph was, one might have thought, a mistake. There is indeed no dispute about it that Mr. Gaitskell has said a number of pretty silly things about Suez. But, after all, the business of a Government is to be right rather than to spend all its time explaining that the Opposition is wrong. That, however, did not seem to be the view of the Conference, which was far more interested in cracks against the Socialists than in anything else. But where were we when Mr. Nutting was through?

Colonel Nasser had behaved very badly. Granted. Mr. Gaitskell had behaved very badly. Granted. Mr. Dulles had behaved very badly. Granted. But supposing that the Security Council bogs down and Colonel Nasser will make no concession, what is the Government going to do? Mr. Amery says without qualification that we should use force. But what is the Government going to do? It is not a matter of what has the Government got a right to do, of which Mr. Nutting spoke, but what is it going to do? “We will do our duty,” says Mr. Nutting. “We will not flinch.” Doubtless we will explore every avenue and leave no stone unturned. “We will uphold the rule of law.” But what is the Government going to do?

Mr. Yates said some rash things and

some things that could not be defended. Englishmen do not like to be told that foreigners—of all people—are laughing at them, but at the same time he said some things that were more booed against than answered. We were sorry that Lord Salisbury was ill and was not present. We were even sorrier that his grandfather was not present, for he might have reminded the Conference that “there is no graver error in politics than to tie oneself to the tail of dead policies.”

The Conference was all in favour of granting self-government to our Colonies. Mr. Allen, of North Ham-smith, alone opposed—on the very sensible ground that Dr. Nkrumah had said that he could turn himself into a white cat and that it must be a mistake to grant self-government to people who said that they could turn themselves into white cats. But the general view was that, white cats or black cats, the process was inevitable. Perhaps Mr. Longbottom, of Stockton, spoke more wisely than he knew when he commended present Imperial policy under the impression, it seemed, that the adjective of “Empire” was “empirical.” Mr. Sidney Webb, the Colonial Secretary, spoke of “the inevitability of gradualness.” (Alas, another misprint—it is Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, I mean of course.)

The somewhat over-advertised resolution of censure on the Government for its lack of policy proved to be Operation Damp Squib with a vengeance. Indeed it was quite impossible to tell from the speeches who was speaking in favour of



the motion and who was speaking against it—except of course Mr. Butler, who spoke off the cuff and, as he alleged (and no doubt truly), "from the heart." Mr. Butler gives the impression in his more emotional orations that if he had tried to take Holy Orders he might almost have made the grade. He is well read. He can manage Shakespeare pretty well, but the Psalmist is always really the horse for his money—"lifting up his eyes unto the hills" and all that. He can make excellent jokes, for public men have to make jokes—"The Englishman's home is Barbara's Castle"—but he never gives the impression that he thinks them frightfully funny himself—like Dr. Johnson's publisher, Cave, of whom the Doctor said: "Sir, Cave had no great relish for mirth, but he could bear it."

Yet the censure on the lack of policy was quite crowded out by the two new announcements on policy—Mr. Duncan Sandys on the abolition of rent restriction and Mr. Macmillan on European Union. Who am I to say whether at the end of it all Mr. Butler has strengthened his hand against Mr. Macmillan or Mr. Macmillan has strengthened his hand against Mr. Butler? Or whether, in spite of Christ Church Meadows and all that, an outsider like Mr. Sandys is coming up on the rails? Perhaps if all that was

required was to interpret the mind of the Conference, then the man who ought to be Prime Minister is Councillor Timmins, of Wandsworth, who put down a resolution (alas, not selected) "to reduce expenditure by £100 million, without effecting such economies at the expense of the public." That's the stuff to give them. That is what Llandudno really wanted—and Blackpool too.

A charming Welsh waitress in an hotel by the station served me with my dinner. She apologized, quite unnecessarily, for the delay. "Ah," she said, "there's a Conference. I don't know what's it's about. Some English politicians. Ah, it's terrible, terrible..."

The tumult and the shouting dies. The party, says Mr. Hugh Fraser, was never so united. Only what is going to happen? Neither the Welsh waitress nor Mr. Nutting is to blame. They were but prologues to the swelling theme and could not say more than they were let. The trouble was with the swelling theme itself. Unlike the bullfrog, it has ceased to swell. We must, said the Prime Minister, quoting President Eisenhower, have "peace with justice." We cannot, he said, coining a phrase, have "peace at any price."

The trouble remains that neither Colonel Nasser nor indeed very many other people outside Llandudno believe that the Government is going to fight.



If the Government is going to fight, it might as well say so unequivocally. If it is not going to fight unless there is some further act of aggression, it might as well say so unequivocally. In fact it might as well say unequivocally what it will do if and when negotiations break down. But what is foolish is to use language which sounds like fighting at first hearing through the haze of cheers at Llandudno, but which on examination in Cairo has so many qualifications that there is no chance that anyone will be deterred by it. Such language merely transforms a situation in which we may be humiliated into a situation in which we must be humiliated.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

~ ~

The King's Quhair

"It's rotten about my book . . . they're still in the first edition . . . nobody seems to stock it."—Ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia.

WHEN the intimate life of a sovereign is shown,

With its drama of treason and loyalty,
The author, although he steps down
from the throne,

Should not be deprived of his royalty.

To princes it seems an incredible thing

That commoners may be their betters,
And it comes as a painful surprise to a
king

That there's still a republic of letters.

O.M.







In the City

Little Man, What Now?

MY friend K. will be amused by this column, amused, consoled and confirmed in his economic convictions. For twenty years K. has earned good money, the salary of a cabinet minister, a company director or four or five schoolmasters, and in twenty years K. has not saved a bean. He has invested nothing in Government Stock, nothing in equities, savings certificates, insurance or assurance. He pays his taxes, lives like a lord (nineteenth century vintage) and rejoices in the fact that he has licked inflation.

I am indebted to Professor Sargent Florence and *The Director*, the admirable journal of the Institute of Directors, for new figures supporting K.'s estimate of his own sagacity. Research conducted by the University of Birmingham has revealed that during the period 1936-1951 investors managed to break even only if they were lucky or exceptionally skilful. In terms of real purchasing power £100 invested in Government securities—Funding Loan at 4 per cent, War Loan at 3½ per cent, and 2½ per cent Consols—dwindled, in spite of interest received, to about £40 over the fifteen years. Investors in the P.O. also lost about 60 per cent of their purchasing power. In industrials the returns were much brighter. The average real gain of investments (capital *plus* dividends) in the ordinary shares of three hundred larger companies was 47 per cent, but even in this reasonably lucrative field the risk of backing a loser was pretty high.

The results show very clearly that old-fashioned investment of the "a little of what you fancy" type is a mug's game. To stand a chance in the Inflation Handicap the punter has to back several nags each way, and spread his risks as thinly as possible. And only the speculator with very substantial means, or with a broker who will deal in fivers, can fix himself the necessary cover. It is not merely that profits vary

very widely from industry to industry and company to company, but that investments are at the mercy of Board-room policy. Companies in the same industry and doing equally well may prove very different in their treatment of shareholders: in one case the dividend policy will boost the punter's capital, in the other his nest-egg will be addled. And, as Professor Florence says, "research has shown how little control the majority of shareholders, the legal proprietors, really possess over the efficiency and policy of large companies."

How then is the small investor to proceed? The investment trusts and the unit trusts have obvious attractions for him. They enable him to spread his risks without expensive charges and tiresome adjustments. The more reliable of them offer little hope of spectacular profits or capital gains, but


during periods of general recession they cushion the investor against the most painful tumbles. In recent years the unit trusts have proved remarkably stable, and since 1951 have a record of quiet sure-footed progress. The "little man," the fellow anxious to provide himself with a small stake in the financial returns of private enterprise, cannot in my view do better than spread himself with the unit trusts. At the moment I like the look—among others—of Orthodox, Municipal and General Trust, Bank Insurance, Scotbits, and New British.

I was forgetting K. Yes, he has beaten inflation all right. Don't forget though that his victory, like his income, will diminish to Pyrrhic proportions when his hand loses its cunning. Ah! There's the rub.

MAMMON



In the Country



Comfort Me With Apples

TO live in England is to travel without the inconvenience of moving. Rooted in my village rut, the four corners shift by turns towards me, so that I suffer or enjoy each without having to go to any.

A fortnight ago the Indian monsoon went out of its way to include Bideford; last week Alaska blew right to my door. That was followed by a visit from the Torrid Zone. Changing their clothes to suit the climate, the natives of these shores tend to spend most of their time dressing. No wonder the English can settle anywhere in the world. They experience all temperatures here, and thus become acclimatized to anywhere by just staying where they are.

Our corn was swamped, now the trouble's in the orchard. Winds from the Russian steppes, preceding the dancers, have blown half our apples

down. Trees which for years have done no other duty than support a hammock were loaded with fruit. Now bushels lie in the orchard's long grass.

Yet this may not be a misfortune, if it gives us incentive to make some real Devonshire cider.

The first thing is to gather the fruit up. Windfalls make good "rough," and "rough" is the best of cider.

Gather the apples, leave them on a wooden floor to mellow. After this the job is to express their juice. I used to have some proper wooden rollers in the barn for this, but they fell to pieces. So I just cut the apples up, put them into a bag and squeeze out the juice by twisting the bag, banging it, pressing it, and finally hanging it up and leaving it to drip into an open tub.

The next process is not very complicated, otherwise cider would never have caught on in Devon. Just leave the open tub in a warm temperature for about ten days, and then strain off the juice into a clean cask, which should now be only lightly bunged, and kept in a cool cellar. The "rough" is fit to drink in a year. If it is cloudy it is easily cleared by a couple of table-spoons of isinglass.

As to the pulp left in the sack—it's safer to bury it. I gave it one year to an old sow, but I can assure you that pigs are enough trouble even when they're sober.

RONALD DUNCAN

"PRIVATE CARS HIT
LONDON TRANSPORT"
News Chronicle

Used up all the pedestrians?



BOOKING OFFICE

Vacancy for Minor Artist

Alpha: Why do people who write Dialogues choose such silly names for their characters?

Omega: I suppose that if you use real names you get into muddles, like making Dr. Johnson refer to some book published after his death. It is safer to use obviously unreal characters. Shepherds used to be the *ne plus ultra* of unreality. They seem to have died out nowadays.

Alpha: You can't have Strephon and Damocetas arguing about Disinvestment or Realism *versus* Naturalism or Calvinist Semantics.

Omega: The advantage of the Pastoral Convention was that it was so gloriously conventional. To-day we have clichés but very few usable conventions.

Alpha: That is part of the decay of the minor literary arts. Now it's all Greatness-or-Nothing. There are plenty of writers who should be working within a strict convention and producing good minor poetry or minor prose, not making boss shots at the big stuff at all.

Omega: What large, vague words you do use. A shepherd would be much more specific, probably because of the open-air life. I agree we need more writers who are content to give a faithful rendering of their own small corner of experience, more makers of odd, original little things.

Alpha: We need more different branches of writing altogether. A generation ago the hiving-off of the Detective Novel from the rest of fiction attracted talent and forced up the standards. Detective novelists tried to win applause from their rivals, as conjurers do. You got ingenious plots at a time when construction was neglected by the novel proper and some good descriptive writing and a lot of amusing dialogue.

Omega: Descriptive reporting is a flourishing minor literary art and so is the narrative of personal adventure.

Fifty years ago thick-ear autobiography was scarcely recognizable as human speech. Pamphleteering remains poor stuff. Orwell's Right Wing admirers over-praise his anti-Russian pamphlets. *Animal Farm* stated a point of view that had already been reached by its readers. It did not change opinion or really try to.

Alpha: I disagree. It made it easier for readers who had been secretly feeling a guilty disloyalty to bring their shift in allegiance out into the open.



Omega: *The Road to Wigan Pier*, now discreetly forgotten, was effective because of its descriptive writing. It dies away to nothing when it tries to suggest a course of action, as a pamphlet presumably ought to do. Orwell was better at leading his readers *to* Wigan Pier than away from it.

Alpha: The autobiographers are all right. So are the historians. There is a lack of good minor poetry. Poets will force themselves to write in other men's styles. There is an orthodoxy of tone. Whether de la Mare was a major poet or the leading minor poet of his time, he wrote a large number of poems with the

virtues of minor art. Is there anybody like that to-day?

Omega: What about the useful clerics, Andrew Young, R. S. Thomas? And surely John Betjeman?

Alpha: He is not a cleric in the sense of being actually ordained, is he? I agree he's a good example, not least because as a critic he responds so sensitively to minor art. How often in a mixed bag of poems it is the Betjeman poem that is memorable and successful, even though it may not deal with any more profound emotion than nostalgia. And don't overlook William Plomer.

Omega: One neglected class of minor poetry is light verse. The old tradition of taking a line from a newspaper and puffing it out into seven stanzas of repetitive rhythms and ingenious rhymes was killed by slackness and emptiness, and there has been no new school of light verse to replace it.

Alpha: I think there is more variety in modern poetry than we have recognized. The clear, dry contemporary style with its interest in metre and its domestic and down-to-earth subject-matter is quite different from the poetry of ten years ago.

Omega: The differences are all within one tradition. Seventy years ago, to take a favourite example of mine, you had Tennyson, Swinburne, Browning, Kipling, Bridges, Hopkins and Meredith, with Rossetti not long dead and Arnold still alive and Hardy coming along. All the leading poets were completely and utterly different.

Alpha: Well in 1956 there are a dozen different, completely different, kinds of poetry being written by reputable poets. I think you are really saying that any poet you cannot understand at a glance is indistinguishable from any other poet you cannot understand at a glance. Really, Omega! Anyway, whether the leading poets are similar or dissimilar does not affect the point that there are far too many men writing like them who would be better employed being funny

or rhetorical or melodramatic or precisely evocative of people or places.

Omega: Better a good ballad than a bad epic.

Alpha: Better a crisp farce than a flat tragedy.

Omega: Farewell, shepherd swain. The last word is traditionally mine.

R. G. G. PRICE

The Scots Cellar. F. Marian McNeill. Richard Paterson, 21/-

"If one is content to be oneself, one's nationality will make itself felt unobtrusively, like the scent of a flower," says Miss McNeill, a little surprisingly. Unfortunately the scent of nationalism in her book would upset the delicacy of any palate. To her the '45 seems to have been but yesterday. She writes studiously of the "Westminster Government," and with venom of its allegedly anti-Scottish legislation (the tax on whisky is also inconvenient to the English). Page after page is loaded with solemn jabs at the south. For those who want it, all this would have made a nice, illogical tract, but in a work about so civilized a subject as drink it becomes a bore.

This is a paste-and-scissors book, containing too many quotations from too few authors. Whisky, wine and beer are dismissed with disappointing brevity, but Scottish hospitality is treated fully, there is a long anthology of drinking songs and also a useful section on traditional recipes.

E. O. D. K.

The Faber Book of Modern American Verse. Edited by W. H. Auden. Faber, 21/-

Professor Auden seems likely to become as much of a literary uncle-figure as Matthew Arnold was; he already shares not only his chair but also a determination not to be "always, wholly serious," a quality which comes out well in this excellent anthology. He points out that American poets tend, by European standards, to be a bit over-earnest, but his own broad taste lets him include more than the statistical proportion of light or half-light poems (in something the same way that he manages, in a footnote, to translate Goethe's *keine Basalte* into a typical Auden phrase, "no basalt intrusions"). He also manages to bring out how astonishingly widespread the American tradition is, including in his book many single poems by people one had hardly heard of, all typically American and most enjoyable. Those on this side of the Atlantic who feel that poetry ought to be earnest, portentous, ham, will not be disappointed either.

P. D.

Give Us This Day. Sidney Stewart. Staples, 15/-

This is a steady account of an Oklahoma boy's experiences from the first bombing of Manila to his release from a Japanese prison camp in



"By the way, that war with Nasser—is it over, or haven't we had it?"

Manchuria. As horror piles on horror it seems impossible that he should not die with his companions; but somehow he survives. This is quite unlike the ordinary "tough," sadistic war memoir. It is a product of the idealistic, fraternal America, and its characters are far nearer to the Americans one actually meets than most characters in American fiction or non-fiction.

The comradeship and the religion that kept Mr. Stewart going are described in a tone that is unsophisticated but not naïve. Sometimes forgiveness and charity verge on condonation. The brutality and indifference of the Japanese—the conditions in the ships and in the mainland camps to which Mr. Stewart went after his back had been broken—are excused on the ground that they were savages still living in the sixteenth century. The final impression left by a moving and terrible story is of the fantastic strength of human endurance.

R. G. G. P.

Discovering London. Norman Hillson, illustrated by Will Farrow. Jenkins, 15/-

A promise of ten tours of London to "embrace all points of interest" between the Tower and Hyde Park Corner going west and Charterhouse and Bankside going south, with the claim that each tour can be made comfortably on foot in a day, may suggest to some, especially elderly uncles, foot-foot-foot-foot-sloggin' over Africa. That is Mr. Hillson's plan for his gaily decorated guidebook, and the out-of-the-way information he dispenses on the hoof will add comfort, mental comfort anyway, to conductors of inquisitive nephews or nieces when nearing the stop-me-from-goin'-lunatic frame of mind. To be able, for instance, to assure the young inquisitor nonchalantly,

as though any old stager could have told him that, of the height of the Shell-Mex clock (220 ft.) or the number of rooms in the Houses of Parliament (1,100) puts an otherwise undistinguished uncle several moves ahead of one who can't for the jackpot think of the word "boycott."

F. L. M.

Roman Tales. Alberto Moravia. Secker and Warburg, 12/6

Alberto Moravia is an extremely talented writer who might be described as a contemporary Italian Somerset Maugham. He has a similar workman-like approach to writing and although he does not perhaps possess Mr. Maugham's particular ingenuity for inventing plots, he goes, on the whole, deeper below the psychological surface when he writes at his best.

These nineteen short stories deal with the poorer classes in Rome, garage-hands, barmen, plumbers, prostitutes, and so on. They are not Moravia at his highest level, but they are always readable; and they have a kind of tang of their own, which suggests all that Italy which is furthest away from the paths of the tourist.

A. P.



AT THE PLAY

A View from the Bridge (COMEDY)

THE New Watergate Theatre Club has got off to an impressive start, in which the presence of Marilyn Monroe at the first night, to see her husband's play, may have been one reason why it was difficult to come within gaping distance of the Comedy without a flame-thrower. An annual subscription of five shillings is only likely to deter the very laziest of playgoers from supporting an adventurous programme of good stuff which our grandmaternal system of censorship would have withheld from us.

A View from the Bridge is perfectly decent, but barred from public performance because of incidental homosexual references and an unnecessary scene in which one man kisses another in a clumsy effort to bring a young girl to her senses. It is a strong play, and although it sometimes gets near to melodrama and is not, I think, so good as either *Death of a Salesman* or *The Crucible*, it radiates the understanding of simple humanity which distinguishes all Arthur Miller's work.

It takes place in a tenement flat in Brooklyn, and is built round a dumb but unusually complicated stevedore, whose love for the niece he has brought up has reached a point of danger of which he remains unconscious. He has taken into his flat two illegal immigrants from Sicily, and the younger of them falls in love with the girl and wants to marry her. This youth needs a hair-cut, and has a flair for cooking and dress-making; the stevedore, madly jealous, insists that the boy is, in his own words, "not right."

In a production which extracts every ounce of drama Peter Brook screws up

the tension in the overcrowded flat until the twang of nerves can almost be heard. For example, the stevedore giving the boy a friendly boxing lesson and knocking him out with sudden savagery; the boy's brother following this with a chair-lifting trick and standing, as the curtain falls, with the chair held menacingly over his host's head; the beautiful little scene in which the stevedore's suffering wife talks to the distraught girl about the importance of growing up.

As the wedding approaches the stevedore breaks, and commits the unforgivable sin in an Italian neighbourhood of telephoning the immigration office. The brothers are captured, and bailed out; and then, in a scene of great power in which the ugly but cunning multiple set designed by Mr. Brook is crowded with terrified figures, the elder brother and the stevedore meet to settle things in the good old Sicilian way. It is one of Mr. Brook's cleverest strokes that after the knife falls to the ground the two men are so arranged that for some seconds we cannot tell which is the victim.

The stevedore is a good-hearted, grunting baboon, and the play seems to lose by his excessive incoherence. Anthony Quayle conveys his muddle and misery extremely well, but with strictly limited means; much of it has to be done in a sort of muscle-twisted mime. It is hard to understand why Mr. Miller should have used a dockside lawyer as a chorus who steps out of the action to address the audience, except to implement his chief character's inability to

speak for himself. In spite of Michael Gwynn's gentle authority I found this convention too artificial in such a straightforward play.

There remains the question of the boy, over whom I had the same trouble that I suffered in Julien Green's *South*. Was he, or wasn't he? And was I misled for a time by a remark of the stevedore into wondering if he too was not, unconsciously, near the borderline between the sexes? In the end both of them appeared to be in the clear, but if we are to have plays introducing a homosexual element then I feel that a lay audience should not be asked to puzzle.

The two women are splendidly taken, and their speeches contain the delicacy of writing which we expect from Mr. Miller, and which is sometimes obscured in the play's rough-and-tumble. Megs Jenkins, an actress of unfailing subtlety, touches the wife beautifully with quiet wisdom, and Mary Ure makes very touching the sudden blossoming of the girl as an adult. In a good cast Ian Bannen deserves special mention for his playing of the elder brother—marvellously Sicilian.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Under Milk Wood (New—29/8/56), Dylan Thomas staged with affection. *The Chalk Garden* (Haymarket—25/4/56), a good comedy well acted. *Hotel Paradiso* (Winter Garden—9/5/56), French farce of the better sort.

ERIC KEOWN



Catherine—MARY URE Eddie—ANTHONY QUAYLE Rodolpho—BRIAN BEDFORD

[A View from the Bridge

AT THE BALLET



The Bolshoi Theatre Ballet
(COVENT GARDEN)
Antonio and His Spanish Ballet
(PALACE)

THE season of the Bolshoi Ballet has now the added excitement of a lottery, for ticket-holders do not know in advance whether or no they will see the great little Ulanova. Hopes that she would appear as Odette-Odile in *Swan Lake*, one of her most celebrated roles, were disappointed last week. Instead the part was entrusted to a young dancer, Nina Timofeyeva, who, while still having about her some of the marks of the fledgling, acquitted herself with charm and grace in Act II and was dazzling in the black role in Act III.

This Gorsky version of the famous ballet to Tchaikovsky's enchanting music has many notable differences from the Petipa and Ivanov original with which we are familiar. It gains by the introduction of a new character, that of a Jester danced by Georgi Fermanyants whose clear-cut classicism was seen in a similar role in *Romeo and Juliet*. The Jester is a valuable link between the two aspects of the ballet. The Evil Genius (Vladimir Levashev) is given a dramatic encounter with Siegfried in which he is maimed by the loss of a wing.

Apart from all details of choreography, the principal difference lies in the Russian approach. Whereas with us the story has become the vehicle for much brilliant virtuosity, the Bolshoi company interprets the fairy-tale with whole-hearted belief. There is thus an inner verve and manifest sincerity which sweeps the beholder along and compels his sympathy with the Prince and the lovely Swan-Girl. It is all to the good, therefore, that the ballet now ends with the lovers united.

Small intricate foot-work has little or no place in Bolshoi dancing, but there is in all their movements wonderful speed, when needed, and a sense of enjoyment which makes the astonishing gravity-defying lifts seem a natural expression of emotion.

The Fountain of Bakhchisari, a twenty-year old ballet, is based on a poem of Pushkin's which tells of the power of noble love to redeem the soul of a savage Tartar. Here again, the tragic part of Maria, a young Polish princess carried off by the mighty Khan on her wedding day, said to be one of Ulanova's most famous roles, was filled by another dancer, Raissa Struchkova, rumoured to be Ulanova's destined successor.

The ballet has a long-drawn-out story of a Tartar chieftain in love for the first time and the murder of the captured Maria by the jealous chief wife in the harem. Memories of *Schéhérazade*, itself out-dated, make this seem rather a tame affair. Nor is it helped by the trivial music of B. Asafiev. The first and last of the four acts are, however, full of

animation and distinguished by the magnificent dancing of the corps de ballet—freely flowing yet perfectly disciplined. The bridal festivities are a revelation of beauty and energy combined to a total theatrical effect of consummate grandeur. A dance of warriors, led by a superb Captain of the Guard (I. Peregudov) who leaps and dances with incredible speed, surpasses the famous Polovtsian dances in spectacular splendour.

At the Palace a change of programme shows Antonio as the outstanding performer in a new ballet, *By the Guadalquivir*. It is an odd but highly dramatic mixture of the Spanish and the classical, and there are even dancers to be seen, somewhat precariously, *sur les pointes*! Antonio's vitality is super-charged.

C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE PICTURES

Beyond Mombasa
The Bigamist

THE whole point of *Beyond Mombasa* (Director: George Marshall) is the local colour: the African scenery and the animals. There seems to be a mysterious belief that we will be more interested in such phenomena if shots of them are cross-cut with shots of fictional characters who may be presumed to be looking at them too; or, alternatively, that an essentially commonplace story may be made interesting by setting it in a far place and using such backgrounds and detail. This second assumption is, of course, perfectly justified—but the backgrounds and detail must be far more carefully "fused" into the story than they are here, they must seem to be integral. *Beyond Mombasa* is no more than a lot of travelogue stuff and scraps of local colour—there is even a totally irrelevant spot for Eddie Calvert the trumpet player—strung, separate as beads, on a narrative thread that seems (to put it kindly) not to have been designed for serious critical attention.

Generically, the story is a whodunit: one simply finds the murderer by examining the suspects and deciding which one of them appears to have been given most of the qualities not commonly associated with villainy. Here, deciding this takes very little time—but as I suggest, one can't believe that they bothered about the story at all. The central situation, the device used to keep the characters together, is a long safari. The hero (Cornel Wilde) is there because he is leading the search for a uranium mine his murdered brother told him about; the heroine (Donna Reed), an anthropologist (did you guess?), is there for practically no other reason than that she is the heroine; three other white men including the heroine's uncle, a missionary (Leo Genn), are there with all the native hunters and bearers to provide a two-colour choice of suspect.



[*Beyond Mombasa*]

OVERTURE AND BEGINNERS

They proceed to the mine, the heroine with a different outfit for almost every day (including an evening dress for sitting outside the tent at night), and the list of suspects is shortened by poisoned darts and one thing and another, the culprit himself being killed at last, as in so many murder stories, so as to leave the hero and heroine undistracted for their final embrace.

Yes, the story is undistinguished; but the scraps of African authenticity, in themselves, are interesting. If only somebody had found a way to make a synthesis instead of an assortment . . .

The trouble with *The Bigamist* (Director: Luciano Emmer), an Italian film which has some very funny moments, particularly towards the end, is the unrelieved over-emphasis. It is played and directed throughout on one note, and that fortissimo: there is no effective contrast, the only kind of light and shade one gets is the mere difference between characters.

To be sure, the characters have the especially Italian virtue of real individuality, not least of appearance. Down to the most minor figures who appear for a few moments only, every personage has some sort of striking yet believable oddity. But the sheer noise of the dialogue (everyone yells) becomes a bit wearing.

Perhaps it is only because of the idea that there is something inherently comic about bigamy that we accept this as a comedy at all. Without some good luck and much hard work by a friend, the central character here might be a

positively tragic figure. In brief, he is falsely accused of bigamy and has a hell of a time proving his innocence; he goes to prison, he nearly loses his wife . . . The big scenes are, first, his flat, which when he is out on bail gradually fills up with everybody concerned, earlier arrivals hiding in cupboards in the best farce manner; and second, the court where his counsel (Vittorio de Sica) puts on a frenzied performance, having instructed him to plead guilty because innocence offers no opportunities to an emotional defender.

The whole thing is treated as farce, and as I say bits of it are very funny; yet the characters are real people, however magnified and exaggerated. If it were a bit less continuously noisy, all would be well.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There is a new Fernandel—adequately summed up in the English title, *Fernandel the Dressmaker* (and by the fact that they chose that title anyway, for in the film Fernandel is, of course, supposed to be playing a part). Some good fun, but it's over-emphasized. The three big musicals continue: *Guys and Dolls* (3/10/56), *The King and I* (26/9/56), and *Oklahoma!* (19/9/56).

The only new release that was reviewed here is *D-day the Sixth of June* (5/9/56), an emotional melodrama with well-done war-time detail. *Sailor Beware!*, from the stage farce, is the mother-in-law joke in spades and very loud.

RICHARD MALLETT



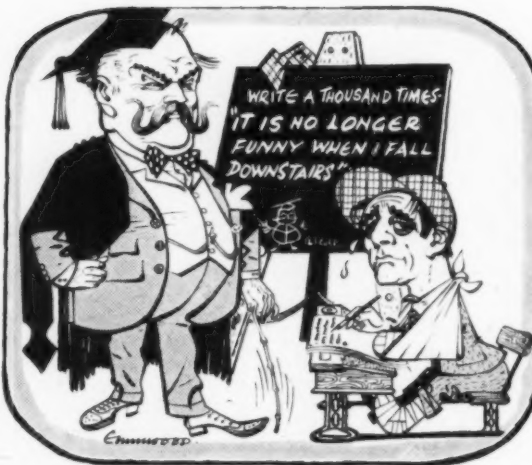
ON THE AIR

Anything for a Laugh

OUR comedians make their money on the stage and their reputations on the air. For forty weeks in the year they repeat their jokes and gags twice nightly and have little to worry about. The public expects nothing more from a personal appearance than a simulacrum of a well-loved performance on the little screen. Expects it, wants it and gets it. But at least once a year our hero has to stock up with goodwill, publicity and star value, and that means another series of visits to the TV studios, new lines and gimmicks, and half-hours of night-mare under the bright lights.

Television comics come in three types. There are first the old-timers of the variety stage, troupers—like Norman Evans, Robb Wilton and Max Wall—who over the years have accumulated a score or so of sure-fire turns. Norman Evans' dentist, his corset-tugging backyard gossip and his chip-eater are perfect in their way. So are Wilton's go-slow policeman and Wall's "laughing legs." These turns have been polished and repolished a thousand times, and when we see them on TV our enjoyment contains a very large unearned increment (as the economists say) of satisfaction borrowed from the older medium of entertainment. I am not saying that all variety turns go down well on television: some, I admit, are in deplorable taste and others have been killed by the march of time. But the best of these family favourites are gems of professional skill. I could watch them once a year for ever, and with undiminished pleasure.

Norman Wisdom soared to stardom



JIMMY EDWARDS

NORMAN WISDOM

before he had served a long apprenticeship on the halls. TV made him while his repertoire was still extremely thin, and his subsequent career in film and ice-shows has not encouraged him to add to his material. He can be very funny indeed, but in his current series his unique talents are stretched to breaking-point.

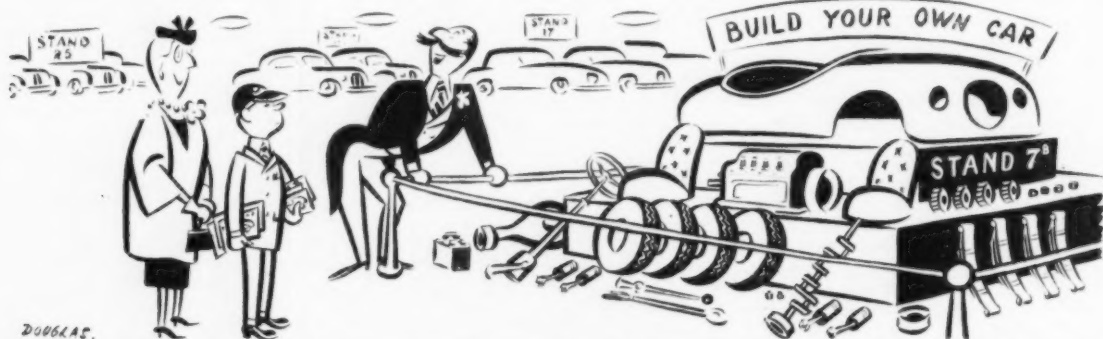
The second group consists of comics transferred from sound radio. Their humour is of the scripted variety, vocal rather than visual, full of catch-phrases and topical allusion and relying not at all on the well-tempered turn. Comics who are content merely to transpose their steam radio patter into the key of TV seldom make the grade. Ted Ray, Charlie Chester, Richard Murdoch, Al Read, Bernard Braden and many others have tried and (in my view) failed to repeat themselves successfully before the cameras. In the perspective clarity of the screen their acts seem shadowy and

static, and their attempts to communicate by mime and facial contortion are as stiff and unsatisfactory as the captions superimposed on films in foreign languages.

Jimmy Edwards is a steam radio comedian with a roaring rumbustious voice and a strong line in broad farce. Without a good script he is as powerless as a shorn Samson; with the help of Norden and Muir and a competent team of bit-players he can be merrily entertaining. In "Whack-O!", a new series of scholastic romps, he is very ably supported by the Chisel-bury staff and students, and there is a good chance that the term will be one of the liveliest in the school's history. I am quite certain, however, that Will Hay would have made it funnier.

In group three we find the very few TV comics who have come to terms with the medium, discovered its possibilities and limitations and escaped from the shackles of convention imposed by older platforms for risibility. It is dangerous to award Oscars in this department, for even the brightest performers are strangely inconsistent and often relegate themselves to lower leagues; but to illustrate the argument let me mention the work of Eric Barker, Terry-Thomas, Arthur Askey, the Goons and (tentatively) Tony Hancock. These purveyors of television humour are never afraid to experiment; they throw away their Light Programme gag-books, borrow nothing from America, and work to original, home-grown recipes. When they succeed their mixture of surrealist fantasy, cartoon characterization, slapstick, satire and parody is delightful: when they fail they usually do so honourably.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DOUGLAS

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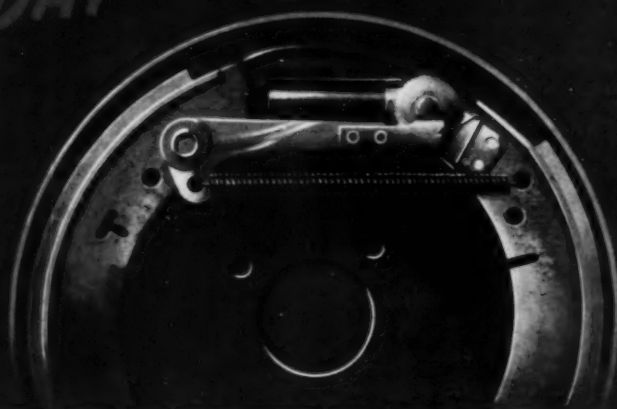
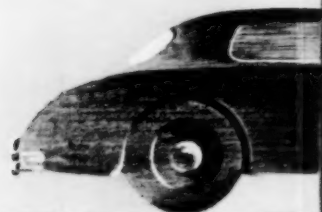
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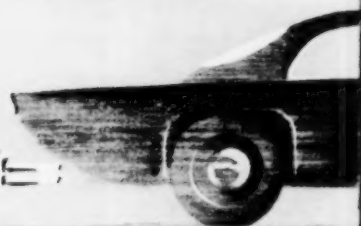
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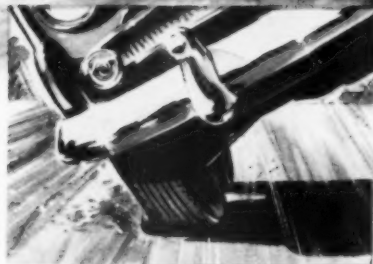
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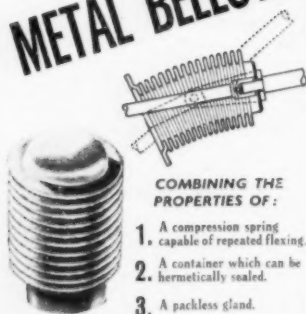


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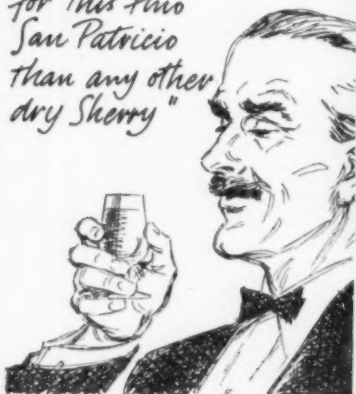
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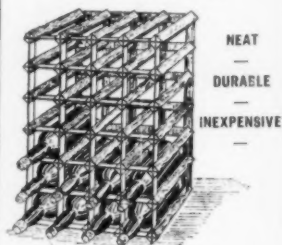
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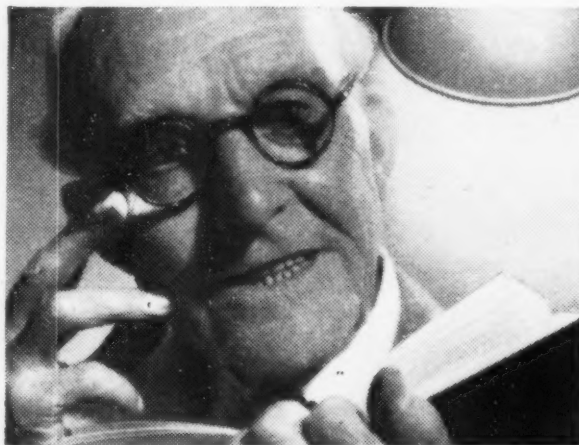
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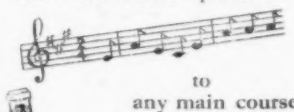
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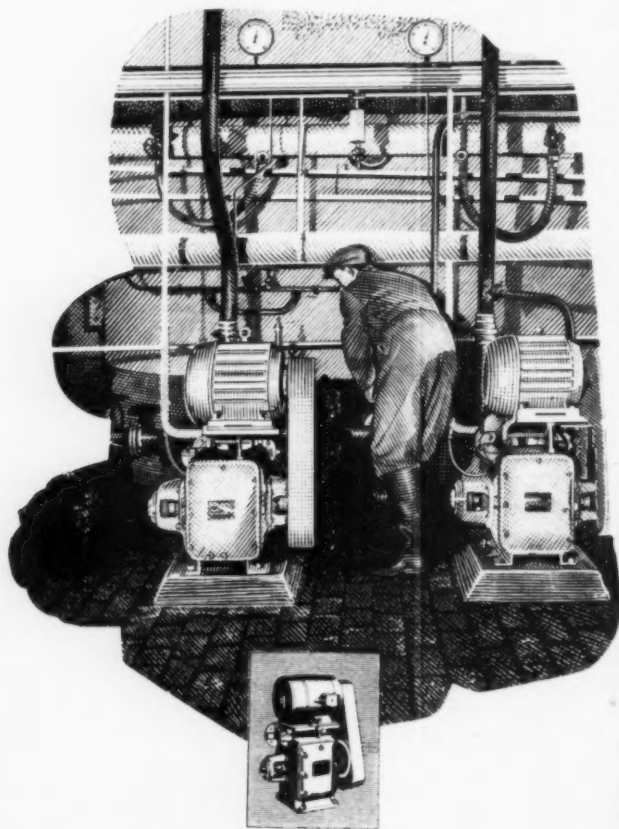
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Prices? The 6-cylinder Cresta is £640 (P.T. £321.7s.). The Velox 6, with simpler appointments, £580 (P.T. £291 7s.). The 4-cylinder Wyvern, £535 (P.T. £268.17s.). They're available for you to see and try now! Let your Vauxhall Dealer give you a trial run. You'll find ...

... the new car you'll enjoy is a Vauxhall!



Inventions in Guinness Time... 5

THE GRAMOPHONE

When Father's new phonograph stood in the hall,
He said, with forgivable pride,
"Just think! We'll hear Patti sing Brahms and Scarlatti
Without ever stepping outside!"

But Grandfather said, "It's a shame
To give new-fangled things such acclaim;
That's what you're wrong about—
I make a song about
Guinness—that's always the same!"

"But see," exclaimed Father, "the elegant horn,
The cylinders coated with wax.
With the latest improvements they last a whole movement
(Twice over, including the cracks)."

But Grandfather muttered, "My hat!
It's no good to me, and that's flat!
If I'm to last longer,
I'll have to be stronger—
I need Guinness Goodness for that!"

Guinness is good for you



*"Mark my words, we'll
have no more privacy."*



Why men wear jackets unbuttoned . . .

Suitable for wear (*lasting* wear) anywhere, the Coxmoore Cheltenham Waistcoat makes a two-piece *ensemble* at least one-third better—as anyone can see. Finest quality wool . . . firmly rib-knitted front . . . sateen-lined pockets to prevent creasing. In natural, lovat, grey, yellow, martini gold, or olive green. The Cheltenham, may we remind you, is representative of a whole range made by and for *men only*.

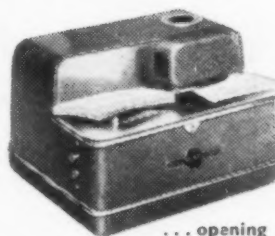
Coxmoore

creature comforts for men only

SWEATERS • CARDIGANS • WAISTCOATS • SLIPOVERS • SOCKS
FROM THE BEST MEN'S SHOPS

Coxmoore cardigans and sweaters are still rather scarce, so if you have any difficulty in finding what you want, please write to: Cox, Moore & Co. Ltd., 38 Bruton Street, London, W.1.

Put precision into your post-handling



... opening

Often even modern businesses hang on to old-fashioned methods of dealing with the post. If you haven't yet done so, bring your post-room up to date with these ICC machines. Their accuracy and precision will save you money, labour and hours of precious time.

The youngest member of your staff can zip open your incoming mail in minutes with this ICC machine. Automatic feed. Safety for operator, and letter-contents. Self-sharpening cutters. Electric or hand-operated models.



... sealing

Safe, silent and speedy. Automatic feed that handles most sizes and thicknesses of envelope. Models are electrically driven or hand operated. And either way need no skill to work.

Write for fuller details of these and other ICC work-savers—
or phone us for a demonstration.

International Coin Counting Machine Co. Ltd.
28 Alexandra Road, Enfield, Middlesex.
Phone: Howard 3027 (Pte. Beh. Exch.)



Makers of letter-opening, envelope-sealing, coin-counting and token-counting machines.



It's worth looking for

LEATHER

at the Motor Show

A car with leather upholstery never looks its age. Throughout its long life leather looks good. There is nothing to compare with its day-long comfort in Summer or in Winter. And when the time comes to sell, the leather-upholstered car invariably produces a higher price.

Issued by

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the coat for the
motoring enthusiast!



THRUSSELLS' 'Shortie' COAT

Briefly warm, warmly brief, with nylon fur collar to take the chill off an open car . . . Thrussells' 'shortie' coat is styled with a swagger and cuts a dash anywhere sporty. Superbly tailored in fine quality all wool shower-proofed cloth, camel shade, every fitting, **10 guineas**

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM

Thrussells

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BIRMINGHAM, 2

Easy to order by post . . .

simply send us your height and chest measurement — and the necessary guineas (which we'll return without question if the coat fails to satisfy), and a 'shortie' will be on its way to you in no time.

HOTEL REINA CRISTINA
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ALGECIRAS



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When giving toys to young children you can't do better than choose soft toys which contain neither glass nor wire. These are fully described in the "PlaySafe" booklet, free from

Wendy Boston

Wendy Boston, 16, Queen St., Abergavenny, S. Wales.

"PLAY SAFE" SOFT TOYS



LIGHT UP AND SETTLE DOWN to that long slow smoke which calms a troubled world. With Balkan Sobranie glowing in the bowl of your favourite briar anxiety goes up in smoke and an inimitable aroma makes rings round every fret. Balkan Sobranie Smoking Mixture is a unique combination of mature Virginia leaf with rarest Yenedje to add an original flavour and a rich aroma. Cool and slow smoking to the last shred . . .

Balkan Sobranie

1 oz. : 5/7½ **SMOKING MIXTURE** 2 oz. : 11/3
SOBRANIE LTD., 136 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

good
The best of wines
bear the label

HARVEYS

(of 'Bristol Milk' FAME)

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Founded 1795 Bristol 2-7661.
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by

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AUSTINS · DAIMLERS · FORDS
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EKCO TELEVISION available in
Chauffeur-Driven Limousines

"green label"
chutney
Delicious with meals
Hot or Cold

OUTCLASSES ALL SWEET PICKLES

QUEEN ANNE
SCOTCH WHISKY



HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD.
EDINBURGH Est. 1793

By Appointment
to Her Majesty the Queen
Suppliers of Scotch Whisky



Ads
too!

Two actresses are equal in beauty and in technical accomplishment; but one draws the public to her and when she appears in a play the box office is busy. So with advertisements in a paper. All may be competent, some may be clever, but one is memorable.

It is unique, it is distinctive, it is arresting—it is more than a combination of copy and layout, it is an ad with a personality. In the daily battle to capture that vast audience for his client, the advertising agent's main concern is to produce ads with personality. For if the ad commands no attention, there will be no clicking on the cash register.

R C N
advertising

Managing Director, E. G. Walker



Sumrie ... of course

Men are at their best in evening dress so dress-wear must have the finest tailoring. Both in dinner suits and formal evening dress, the impeccable quality of Sumrie tailoring is revealed superbly. Available in the greatest possible range of sizes and fittings.

THE NEW SUMRIE SHOP FOR MEN
at Robinson & Cleaver, Regent Street, London, W.1
AND AT OTHER GOOD STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

"The Best of the Bunch"

MACKENZIE'S "VINTNERS CHOICE" SUPERIOR AMONTILLADO SHERRY



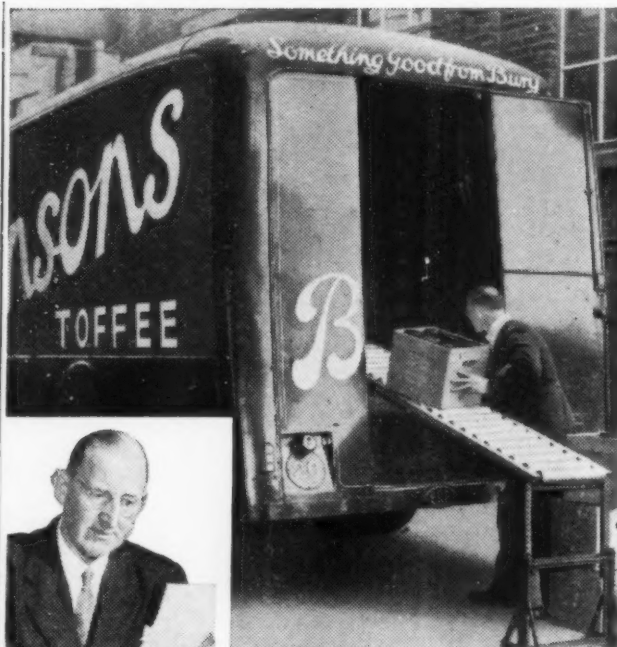
"VINTNERS CHOICE" is an ideal aperitif for those who prefer a medium wine. It is delightful to the palate and has all the luscious flavour of the grape but with just a touch of dryness to give zest to the appetite.

For those who like a sweeter wine, there is
"VINTNERS CREAM"
Rare Old
Oloroso Sherry

From Your Wine Merchant

MACKENZIE & CO. LTD.

20, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3. JEREZ & OPORTO



Bensons' deliveries sometimes had to wait for invoices—but the Burroughs man, Mr. R. Sudall, was able to suggest a quicker system using Burroughs Sensimatic accounting machines.

One man helped this confectionery firm to overcome invoicing delays

Bensons Confectionery Ltd., of Bury, have a large home and export trade in toffees and boiled sweets. Last year deliveries were hindered because loaded vans were kept back while invoices were being prepared. More staff were put on, but there were still delays during peak periods.

Bensons contacted Burroughs, who sent one of their team of accounting experts—Mr. R. Sudall. Together with Bensons' accountants, he made a thorough analysis and suggested a system using two Burroughs Sensimatic accounting machines.

Now, invoices are prepared in *one operation* direct from travellers' orders. Each machine prepares 30 to 40 invoices an hour, and loads go out on time. Bensons are coping with a 50% increase in activity, and anticipate more orders through their prompt deliveries.

WHATEVER YOUR BUSINESS

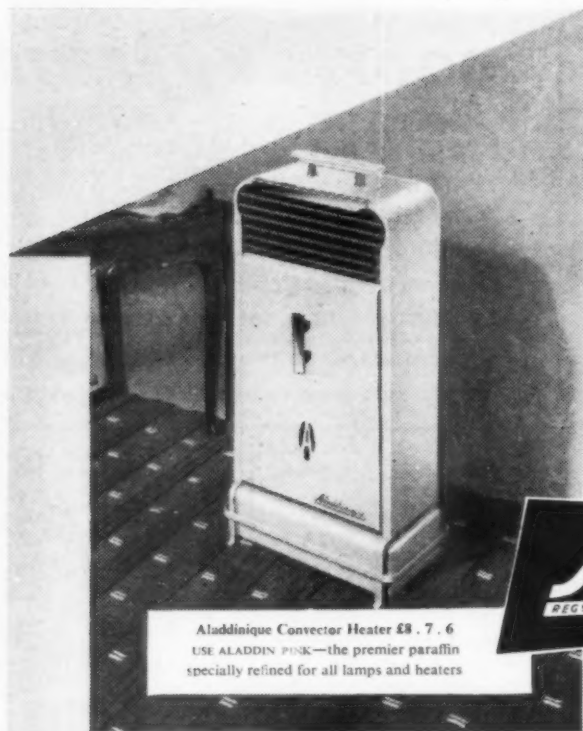
If you have an accounting problem, the Burroughs man can help you. He is an expert on modern accounting systems, and well able to work with your accountants or auditors. Backed by Burroughs' world-wide experience, he will make a full analysis and suggest the most economical, *workable* solution. If he thinks no change advisable,

he will say so; if he does recommend a change, he will make a detailed plan and help you get it working smoothly. Call in the Burroughs man—you're committed to nothing. His advice is free.

Burroughs make the world's widest range of business machines. You'll find your local Burroughs office in the telephone book.

FOR SPECIALIST ADVICE ON MODERN
ACCOUNTING METHODS

CALL IN THE **B**urroughs MAN



Aladdinique Convector Heater £8. 7. 6
USE ALADDIN PINK—the premier paraffin
specially refined for all lamps and heaters

Brr-r-r!

And does the cost of coal and electricity make you shiver even more? It's time you got to know about Aladdin oil heaters! No smell—no smoke—just fill them, light them, and leave them to spread their cosy warmth wherever you need it. And at a running cost that makes central heating and electric fires look like extravagance. There are five types of Aladdin for different heating jobs—quick temporary warmth, steady background warmth, directional warmth for a particularly cold corner. Ask your ironmonger about them, or write to us for details.

Aladdin
REGD TRADE MARK

There are Aladdin lamps and lanterns also—as brilliant for light as the heaters for warmth!

IT'S SUCH A COMFORT!

Aladdin Industries Ltd. 88 Aladdin Bldg., Greenford, Middx.

Sauce ROBERT
perfect with steaks, grills and all meat dishes.

Sauce DIABLE
a pungent sauce for all varieties of fish.

Sauce MELBA
the sauce that made "Punch Melba" famous.

by
Escoffier
OF LONDON



FLY BEA TO MALTA FOR MEDITERRANEAN SUN

With its warm Mediterranean climate, Malta is a fascinating place for a holiday from October to March. Things are cheaper (cigarettes 1/9 for 20) and travel allowances are unnecessary for Malta in the Sterling Area. The Hotel Phoenicia is one of Europe's best. And travel agents here are co-operating with BEA to offer this superb value-for-money holiday.

Special offer!

10 days 'all-in' at the Hotel Phoenicia, flying BEA Elizabethan there and back, only

65 GNS

inclusive, from London

Post this coupon for full details:
To Malta, Dept. (Q), BEA, Dorland House,
14/20 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

Please send me details of these 'inclusive' holidays in Malta.



How's your tooth?

If it is sweet and it likes variety it will be delighted with Welch's Sixteen Favourites.

If you only happen to have sixteen then there's a different taste for each one of them. Toffees, Nougats and Caramels — sixteen different sweets in every ninepenny "Cellophane" packet.

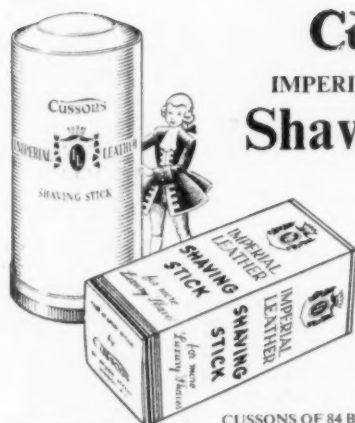
Sixteen Favourites are practically guaranteed to keep children quietly happy and put a sweet smile on the face of the most acrimonious mother-in-law.

POCKET A PACKET OF SIXTEEN FAVOURITES



WELCH'S
Makers of the
biggest selection
of packeted
sweets in the
country.

WELCH & SONS LTD.
Tynemouth, Northumberland



Cussons IMPERIAL LEATHER Shaving Stick

This firm, free lathering shaving stick is a joy to shave with, and a luxury that lasts.

IN CARTON 1/3
IN PLASTIC CASE 2/-

From all good shops

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The made-to-measure binoculars
for spectacle wearers



SPECTAROSS 8 x 40
£43 15. 6.

NEARER and CLEARER

WITH **ROSS LONDON** BINOCULARS

When looking through ordinary binoculars with spectacles on, the field of view is reduced to a fraction of that which is normally obtainable. The Spectaross corrects this deficiency for spectacle wearers by restoring the lost field of view and at the same time maintaining the corrected vision provided by the user's spectacles. Spectaross 8 x 40 binoculars are an exclusive Ross development and are the first to be designed specially for spectacle wearers. They are available from your optician, departmental stores and camera dealers everywhere. Fully illustrated leaflet free on request.

ROSS ENSIGN LTD. CLAPHAM COMMON NORTH SIDE, S.W.4.

"Now good digestion
wait on appetite,
and health on
both"
— Macbeth.



ACID INDIGESTION

Under present day stresses, more and more of us find acidity makes digestion difficult or unpleasant. 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets, with their pleasant peppermint flavour, deal with this highly personal problem so promptly, unobtrusively and effectively that it is really no longer a problem at all.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' TABLETS

12 Tablets 10/4.
30 Tablets 1/7.

75 Tablets 3/2.
150 Tablets 5/3.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Red Hackle

Scotland's
Best Whisky



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Herbert Ross LTD

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BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
SUPPLIERS OF RED HACKLE SCOTCH WHISKY
HEATHWATER & GOSSETT GLASGOW

The WELRISE GARAGE DOOR — a better door which will cost you less!

Smooth, balanced action gives finger light operation. Light alloy construction, every door made to measure, suitable for openings up to 16ft wide.

- Simply installed, no expert labour required.
- No side wall fixings.
- Draft proof, weatherproof.
- Will not sag, stick, warp or jam.

For full particulars write to

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On losing one's shirt

So the Man of the House has two new shirts? How nice. Yet when the Little Mother wanted a new blouse—
Take my shirt off. Please. It's a rayon-nylon Exmoor.

I have no objections. You know, if I made a tuck here, a hem there—
Take it OFF.

Such a lovely collar, too . . .

Two styles, both attached. Collars are replaced when worn at a nominal charge. Exmoor shirts are resistant to wear, shrinkage and (I

hope) your laundering. Generously cut, expertly tailored—
Alright, alright. Here's your shirt.

—Luvisca's Exmoor shirts represent outstanding value at only 30/-.
THANK YOU VERY MUCH AND ABOUT TIME TOO. Supplied in white and various colours, all bear the 'Courtaulds' Tested-Quality Mark—

Look, I've given it back. Do stop. Thank you. You'll find that blouse you keep babbling about on the bureau.

cut for comfort

woven for wear



Regd.

Courtaulds Tested-Quality

Luvisca

Exmoor
Luvisca Limited, Exeter.



The Coal Handling Plant installed by us at Portishead consists of four 300 ft. per min. belt conveyors carrying 260 tons per hour from quay to crusher and screening house; and seven conveyors carrying 400 tons an hour at 360 ft. per min. to the boiler house.

SPENCER
Handling Plant

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the foremost name in mechanical handling

Bermuda

IN THE HEART OF WINTER



'Name's Somers. Sir George Somers. Got wrecked near the Bermudas back in '09. 1609. Seemed a likely spot, so I started a settlement. Never regretted it. Neither will you. It's bliss!'



In January the average day has about 5 hours sunshine and a temperature around 63°F. Frost and fog? Totally unknown. When you go to Bermuda, you leave winter behind. Instead, you find a coral island heaven, pink powdery sand, coloured clouds of flowers, islet-flecked sounds, dreamy days, glittering nights . . . and it's in the sterling area!

BERMUDIAN GOINGS-ON

Swimming, of course; golf and tennis and sailing. . . Some exotic extras, too, such as water-skiing and big game fishing. There's the friendly social round of dining, dancing, dining, dancing. . . And Bermudian *dolce far niente* is really something!

BERMUDA IS MOST ACCOMMODATING

Nowhere else in the world is there such a profusion of fine hotels and guesthouses. Nowhere else is your comfort so well provided for.

BERMUDA IS VERY ACCESSIBLE

Flying to Bermuda is a matter of hours. B.O.A.C. run two direct flights weekly, and daily flights via New York. Direct sailings are made by Cunard and P.S.N.C. during the winter months. You can also sail via New York.

Have a word with your travel agent—or get in touch with the Bermuda Travel Information Office, Rex House, 6 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.



To Dept. P, Bermuda Travel Information Office, Rex House, 6 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Please send me information about Bermuda and how to get there.

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It'll be bliss in *Bermuda*

Don't
be Vague
ask for
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MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICES AS FIXED
BY THE SCOTCH WHISKY ASSOCIATION

*No Finer Whisky
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GIVE HIM PERFECT SHAVING

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This **NEW** Rolls
SUPER BLADE
outlasts—outshaves
all others!

Better than ever!
That's the sensational news about the world-famous Rolls Razor. Honed and stropped in its case, the new process hollow ground blade of Sheffield steel gives years of speedy luxurious shaving and saves pounds on blade-buying! Razor 63/- complete, or in smart Pouch Set with extra blade, 90/7d. The new Super Blade has already inspired numerous glowing testimonials from delighted customers.



**ROLLS
RAZOR**
The better-than-ever
ONE BLADE SAFETY
£3-3-0
Complete

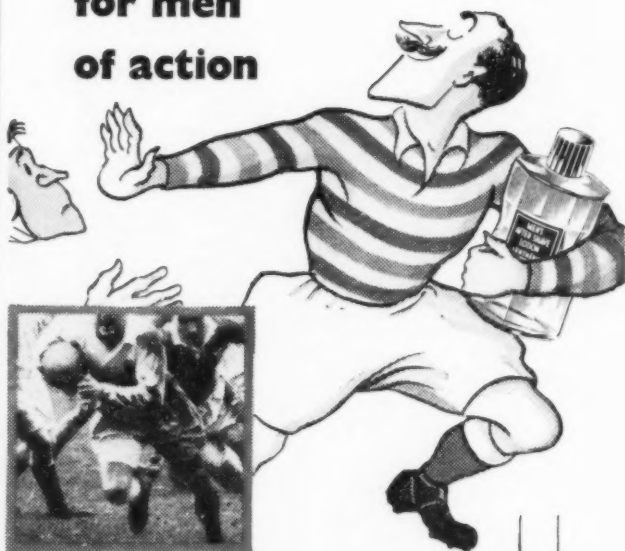
If he prefers dry shaving, give him a Rolls Viceroy Electric Shaver. The "A.C.-Four" at £7.10.6d. has been chosen by B.O.A.C. for all their new Britannia aircraft. Other models from £5.9.9d.

ROLLS RAZOR

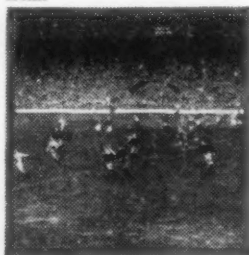
The world's finest shaving instrument

Descriptive leaflet from Dept. D.17.
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Showrooms: 193 Regent Street, W.1. (Callers only)

**for men
of action**



FORWARDS RUSH for Lenthéric quiet, perfect grooming. There are many fine packs to choose from.



THE TRIPLE CROWN of good grooming is "Three Musketeers". Details below.



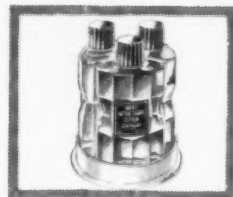
CROWDS already applaud Lenthéric. Join the Supporters' Club by following up their example.

Lenthéric

Other items in the Lenthéric range for men include After Shave Lotion (now available in solid form, too), new Dry (Electric) — Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" and Men's Colognes, After Shave Powder, Scalp Stimulant, Hair Dressing, Brilliantine, Lather or Brushless Shaving Cream, Shaving Bowl, Men's Soap and composite packs, "Overnighter" and other special sets. From chosen stockists.

It's a very fly half

who appreciates quiet, perfect grooming by Lenthéric. Nothing makes a man—above or below the twenty-five mark—feel more manly. Nothing makes him feel more rugged—yet as fresh as a Twickenham daisy. The first time you try Lenthéric, you'll be converted. Make a determined dash for the Lenthéric line—now, **quiet,**
perfect grooming



"Three Musketeers". A well-matched trio for masculine freshness. Containing After Shave Lotion, Brilliantine and Men's Eau de Cologne. Price 24/-

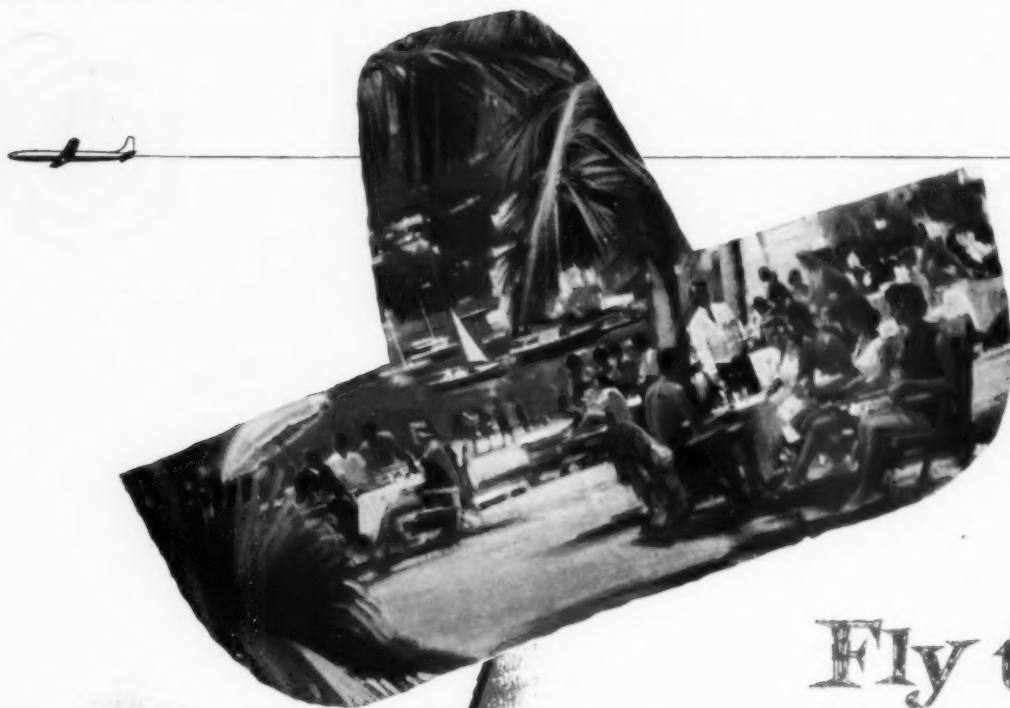
Virtually every British Car

on the road to-day



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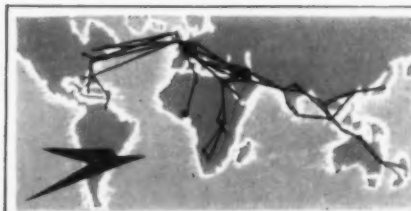
to Wilmot Breeden
STAND N°328 MOTOR SHOW



Fly to the Sun this winter

Summer sunshine, silvery sand, soft sea-breezes . . . swimming, surfing, boating, fishing or just idling away the days . . . plan now for the holiday of your dreams *this winter!* In just a few short hours B.O.A.C. can fly you to beautiful Ceylon, to fascinating South Africa, or Bermuda and the Caribbean with their warm, sunlit days and enchanting nights brilliant with stars. And your B.O.A.C. flight will be a *holiday in itself* . . . fly luxury First Class "Majestic" for spacious comfort, magnificent food and wines, really personal service. Or fly "Coronet" Tourist Class—you'll cut your cost, keep your comfort. Start making your plans now . . . see your Travel Agent *right away*.

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